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MONKEES ARE THE CRAZIEST PEOPLE—

You won't believe the things they say

THAT 1st DRINK, THAT 1st PUFF
by Paul Petersen

YOU WANT TO GO STEADY—HE DOESN'T! What To Do

VISIT ELVIS' HIDEAWAY

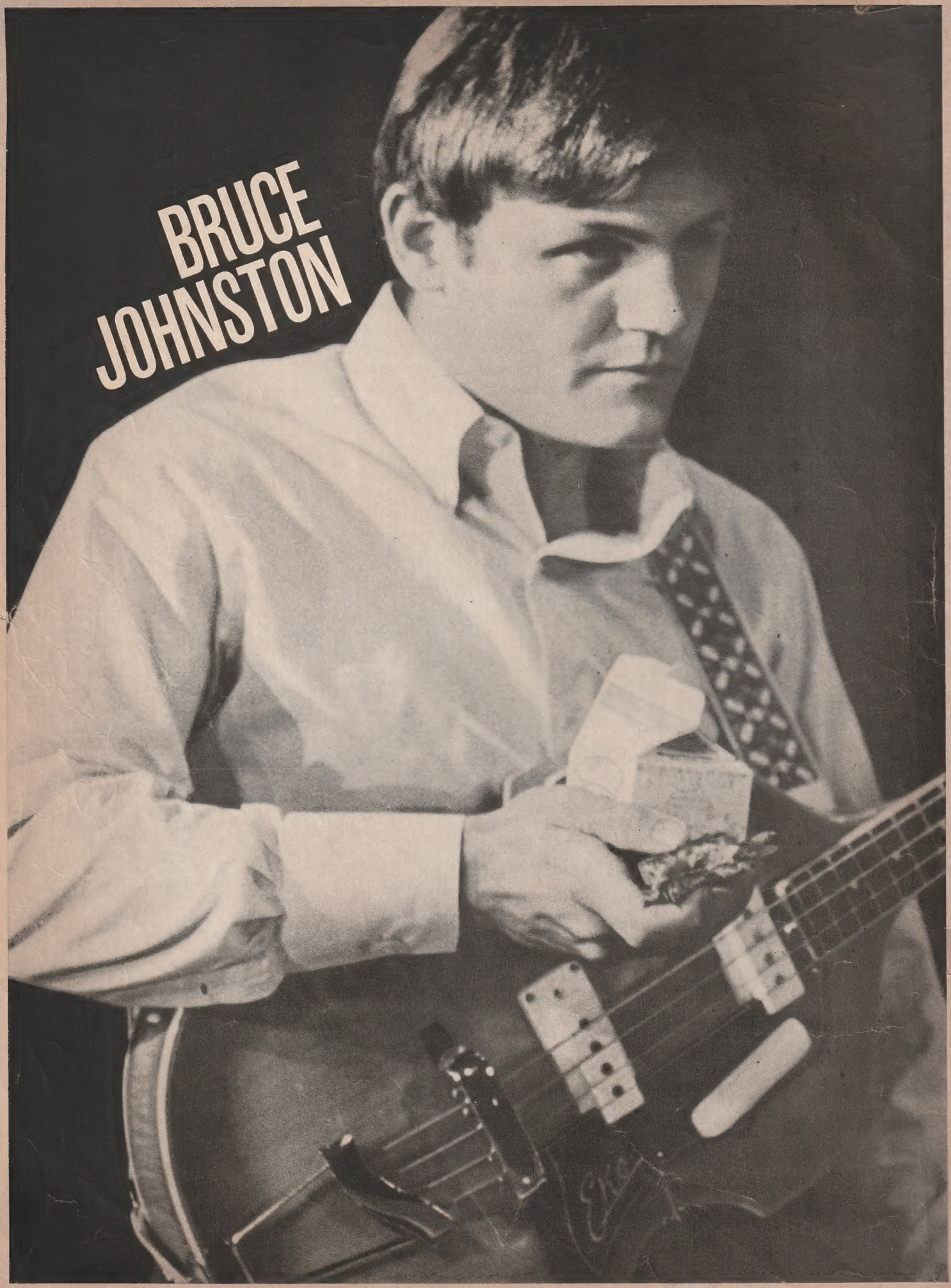
WANT TO BE POPULAR? DON'T BE LIKE ME—by Melody Patterson

SEX—LET'S BE HONEST ABOUT IT!
by Dick Clark

GARY'S SECRET DIARY

Special! JENNY BOND, MYSTERY GIRL

STERLING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teen Life

Volume 7, No. 1 May, 1967

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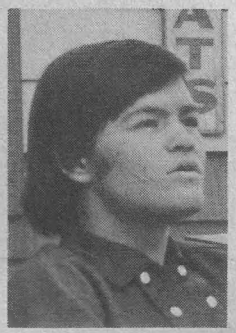

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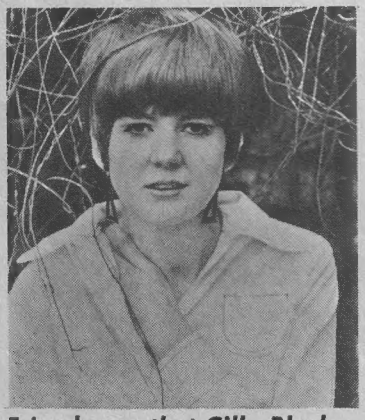
TEEN LIFE is published monthly by Publication House, Inc. 260 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10010. 25c per copy. Subscription $3.00 per year, Canada $4.00. Foreign $5.00. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and Sparta, Illinois. Volume 7, No. 1, May, 1967. Copyright © 1967 by Publication House, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under Universal Copyright Convention and International Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan American Copyright Convention. National advertising representatives: Sanford Schwarz & Co., Inc., 16 West 46 Street, New York, New York 10036. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or pictures. Printed in U.S.A.

STERLING

HOTLINE from LONDON

All the latest on the British pop scene from TL's TRUDY MORE.

Couple to watch: Dave Clark and Cathy McGowan confess they're in love.



Friends say that Cilla Black may soon wed Bobby Willis.

Sad rumor: Records of the Lovin' Spoonful are not big hits in Britain.

ROMANCE blooms: London is buzzing with more pop romances and more marriage rumors. Latest in the line-up for gossips are STONE BRIAN JONES and KINK PETE QUAIFE.

Pete returned to the group a couple of months ago to reveal that the reason he had to leave in the first place was a serious illness. Two weeks after his return rumors were flying around that he was to marry his Danish girlfriend ANNETTE PAUSTAIN, daughter of a business tycoon.

It was Annette that Pete stayed with in Denmark during his recuperation. Pete admits that he and Annette are close friends and said that marriage is not out of the question. And that's all.

As for Brian—well, he and ANITA PALLENBURG, lovely blonde German pop model, have been constant companions for the past year and NOBODY would be surprised to see them getting hitched. Certainly Brian's a tamer man these days.

Tongues really started wagging in earnest when Anita cut short filming in Munich and flew into London for 48 hours. And at the airport to greet her was none other than Mr. Jones. They spent the weekend together and told reporters that they weren't planning to wed "within the next 48 hours."

Later Brian said: "Quite definitely I'm *not* getting married. Marriage, we consider, is not the next logical step in our association at this time."

So that's that. For the moment, anyway.

WALKER BROTHERS say there's no question of them staying over with you and not returning to us when they come home this month. Sighs of relief.

"SCOTT and I consider Britain to be our home now," GARY LEEDS told me. "Of course, it'll be nice to see our parents again, but everything about Britain and our lives is perfect and contained.

"JOHN may find it a bit different because he's always been very pro-American and because there'll be CATHY'S parents as well as his own."

By the way, Scott had a rather unsuccessful sortie into a monastery recently. He went away for a couple of weeks quiet holiday and to study gregorian chants, a form of ancient church music.

But after just a few days he had to return to his London flat. His fans discovered where the monastery was and just couldn't leave him alone. Surely people should be allowed a bit of privacy?

Talking about pop stars with strange ambitions DONOVAN is the latest to want to escape from our swinging London scene. He's been on an Arabic kick.

He's found a great restaurant where they serve traditional Arab dishes. He takes all his closest

friends there. The absolute latest is that he wants to spend a couple of weeks in the summer with Bedouins in an encampment.

Beat that!

Ever since that Australian group THE SEEKERS hit our shores and sailed straight into instant success we've been invaded by Aussie groups and artists. Newest in the line-up are the EASYBEATS and NORMIE ROWE.

Most Australians think of Britain as a good vantage point to branch out on their careers. They make a big name for themselves in Australia, then come to Britain to establish themselves out from there to Europe and America. Most have big ambitions to get into the American market, but think that Britain is the easiest way to do it successfully .

Normie Rowe had more #1 records in his own country than he can count. Now 19, he started out at 9 when he saw *Rock Around The Clock* and was heavily influenced by BILL HALEY.

So he went out and bought himself a guitar.

Normie's nice, funny and likes stock car racing. His biggest passion is for Lincoln Continental cars and his biggest ambition is to own one.

The Easybeats are five young cheery boys who were a top Australian group on THE BEATLES level until they decided to pack it in and head for Britain.

Their first record *Friday On My Mind* shot straight into the British charts so their risk had paid off.

"Mind you, we all held our breath," lead singer STEVIE WRIGHT told me. Stevie is the pixie-faced glamor boy of the group.

"We were scared stiff and stone broke. We were starving because we'd blown our money when we arrived in London. All we had to eat was eggs and we felt very shaky because it was so cold and we hadn't had a decent meal for so long. Then just before we had the hit and the money started coming in our manager, MIKE VAUGHN, couldn't stand it any more and blew our last few shillings on a slap-up meal for us."

Now the Easybeats can have huge meals all the time. They've managed to survive an appearance on the FOUR TOPS concert back in December, and that really took some doing in front of an audience who only wanted to see the Tops.

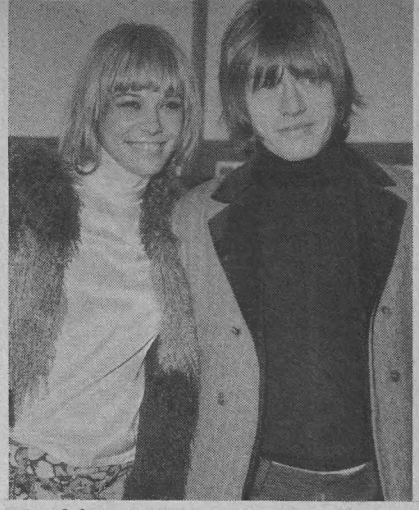
Talking about musical scenes, at LITTLE RICHARD'S big London concert he really took the place by storm. Loyal Richard fans from ten years ago turned up, booed every other act on the bill —which included ALAN PRICE and ANIMAL ERIC BURDON— caused riots, danced in the aisles and jumped up on stage.

In the end Eric, who was emceeing, turned up with an ice bucket on his hand, carrying a dustbin lid for protection. A night none of us will forget for a LONG TIME!

Afterwards, celebrities gathered at the new London club "Bag Of Nails" for a small party. Guests included Eric, Alan Price, GEORGIE FAME.

Watching the show celebrities included CILLA BLACK and boyfriend BOBBY WILLIS, MICK JAGGER, THE MERSEYS, SCOTT WALKER, and CATHY McGOWAN and DAVE CLARK.

Cathy and Dave have been seen together a lot lately. For ages they denied romance ru-



Word has it that Brian Jones and Anita Pallenberg may hitch up!

Guess who? Give up? Okay, None other than John and Cynthia Lennon off on vacation.

It's friendship (not triangle) between Jackie, Sonny and Cher.

Looks as though George and Patti can't hide that so-in-love look.

HOTLINE *from* LONDON

The Easybeats, an Australian group, are proud of their heritage.

mors saying they were just friends, but the other week they finally announced that they were going steady.

All visiting American artists to Britain know Cathy—the girl who announced *Ready Steady Go,* our top TV pop show, and who did more for Mod fashion and it's promotion in Britain than nearly anyone else. Cathy with the long straight brown hair, flair for fashion and casual approach to announcing first met Dave on the *Ready Steady Go* set when the group appeared there two years ago. Cathy's name has been romantically linked for a long time with a top hairdresser but that romance seems to have sunk without trace.

Dave and Cathy are certainly ideally suited. On the surface they are both quiet and cautious and friendly without being over warm. Underneath they both have a hard head for finance and are shrewder than most people imagine.

And still it goes on. WHEN, wonder all pop fans, is the dread news about to strike. WHEN is Cliff Richard, Britain's top pop idol for the past eight years in a style equaled only by the popularity here of ELVIS, going to quit pop?

Everyone knows that for a long time Cliff's pop interests have been battling with his religious interests. And if he does decide to quit this year, what is going to happen to his friends, long time musical accompaniests and link men, THE SHADOWS? Will they too quit? Certainly they must now have enough money to be able to retire comfortably. Certainly now they must have enough other musical interests, like songwriting and musical scores, to be able to give up stage appearances.

"What it means," said HANK MARVIN bespectacled guitarist, "is that we now have to come out from hiding behind Cliff and start really to work on our own. Our name has always been linked with Cliff's. Now we've got to establish it on it's own."

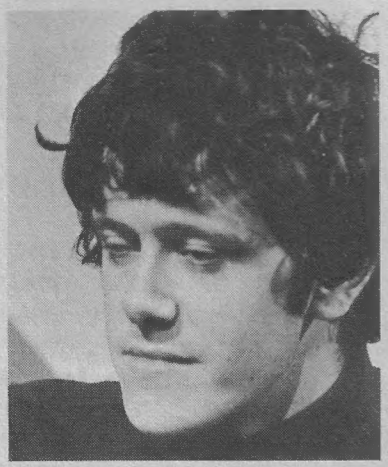
But even the Shadows, Cliff's closest friends, don't think he'll ever quit the pop business for good.

"I think he'll still do a few shows and make records. He just won't make so many personal appearances."

Sad scene. Lack of success in Britain in the past couple of months for records of THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL and THE MAMAS and PAPAS. Odd, because for some months you would have thought they were the greatest thing to hit the country since instant coffee!

The Walker Brothers say they'll definitely return to England.

"The King of the Gospel," Little Richard, spellbinds his audience.



Donovan's got himself a new kick, rather strange and quite exotic.

If and when Cliff Richard quits, his Shadows have future plans.

Come on . . . join the chit-chat . . . and speak up about the things that matter most to YOU!

IF you like prizes and surprises—and who doesn't—do join Gene Pitney's wonderful fan club. It's run with such a warm, friendly touch. I was quite delighted when Rae sent me the "Pitney works." The newsletter is particularly newsy, the contests quite dazzling and the pictures more than mildly sensational. All you have to do to get all the details of Gene's fan club is to write to RAE, Box 326, Rockville, Connecticut.

I can scarcely get myself out of the kitchen since I latched on to Joe Pasternak's book, *Cooking With Love and Paprika,* published by Bernard Geis Associates. I'm mad about cook books and have quite a collection. I read them to relax and to spring culinary surprises on my unsuspecting family and friends. I must confess that it wasn't until five years ago that the most tempting dish I could concoct was boiled water. Today, thanks to the likes of a Joe Pasternak, I'm quite a chef, or is it chefess. Okay, cook!

Mr. Pasternak, a young at heart writer-producer, loves to work with young people and vice versa. He produced *Spinout,* starring Elvis Presley. One of these days I'm going to ask J.P. to tell us about what it's like to work with E.P. It should make fascinating reading.

And talk about fascinating reading, I wasn't surprised to read that our wonderful homegrown Monkees WON WFUN'S BOSS BATTLE OF THE YEAR! Bob Harris, promotion director of WFUN radio, Miami, Florida, sent me the following release.

"The Monkees, popular TV and recording stars, have won WFUN Radio's recent BOSS BATTLE OF THE YEAR between The Beatles and The Monkees. The Monkees emerged victorious in the 16-day competition with a total of 65,153 votes, compared to The Beatles total of 37,128. Voting took place by telephone and mail, as WFUN registered 102,281 votes.

"The Monkees have been invited to Miami to receive a special award from WFUN and the thousands of Monkees' fans in South Florida. WFUN also saluted the group by running a picture of the foursome on the front of the weekly WFUN BOSS 79 SURVEY."

The fact that the Monkees won over the Fab4 doesn't quite come as a surprise to me. According to TL's own polls the Monkees are sweeping everybody—but everybody—off the charts. The same is happening in England. When *I'm a Believer* was released there, our British cousins went wild over them. Now that the Monkees' NBC-TV weekly is released there, they are #1 on the viewing polls.

It couldn't happen to four nicer or more talented guys.

Before I introduce you to each other via your letters, I'd like to put in a plug for TL. Won't you please, please, PLEASE fill in the quiz on page 43! It is so important that you tell me your reaction to the NEW TL look. I know you can grow with the new TL because it is all about YOU and YOUR life. You need all the love, help, sympathy and understanding as no other age group needs it, and I want so much to help you achieve all the happiness you richly deserve. I look forward to hearing from you.

CHAD & JEREMY

Dear Bessie:

I saw a movie called The Chase *with Marlon Brando and a man called Robert Redford. I would like to know more about this man. His height, weight, coloring, etc., etc. When I saw R.R. I almost flipped. He's really cute (in my opinion). Lynne Turley, Great Falls, Mont.*

Dear Lynne:

I share your opinion of Bob, Lynne. He is something special in the looks and talent departments. Bob was born in Hollywood, Calif. on 3/18/36. He has bronze hair and eyes to match. He's 6' of rugged maleness. Oh, yes, Bob is a happy-wed, and father of 3.

Of course there's much more to tell about Bob, but (sigh) little space in which to tell it.

Dear Bessie:

Everyone is raving about a great, fantastic group from Ann Arbor, Michigan known as The Rationals! These 4 boys started about 2 years ago in the English bag, but are now more R & B. They've had a very big hit record called Respect; *it did very well over the U.S., and was #3 in Hawaii.*

Please print something on them, and don't forget THINK RATIONAL!

Charlene Arwine, Royal Oak, Mich.

Dear Charlene:

Sorry I can't include a pix of The Rationals here, because somebody in our editorial factory goofed and didn't send for their pix and bio. Anyway, I'm happy to tell you The Rationals have loads of fan-friends throughout the country. I join you in wishing them the best of everything.

Dear Bessie:

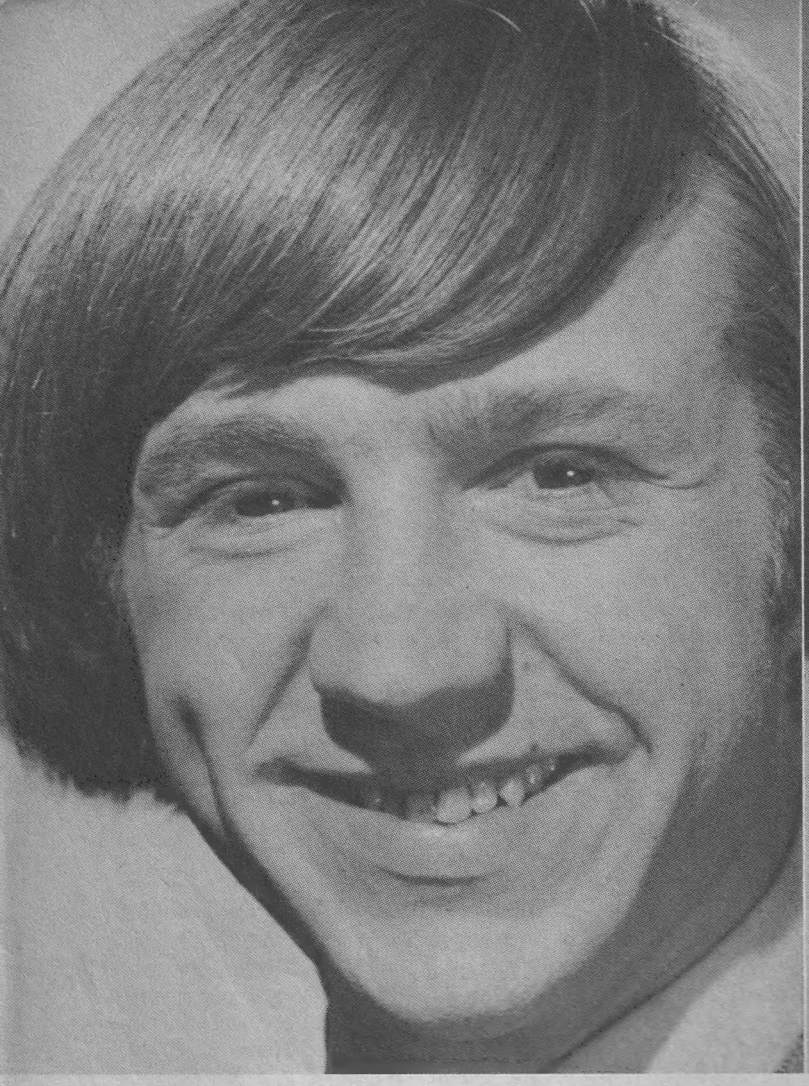
What! What! What! No stories or pictures on ? (Question Mark) and the Mysterians. You must be putting me on! Surely you could have at least had one story on them; after all they do have two big hits!

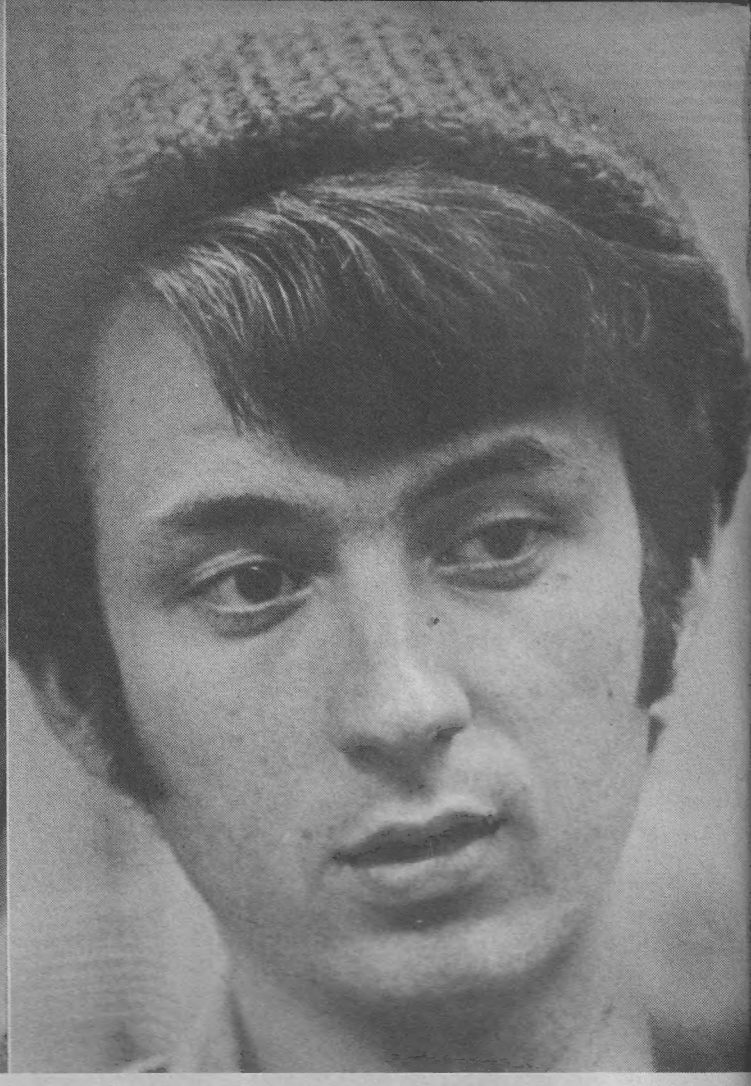
You let us down on not being up-to-date on this group; Do you print your magazine so far in advance just to confuse your loyal readers? There must be others who feel the same way.

Two ? (Question Mark) & the Mysterian Fans, Kingston. Ont.

Dear Fans:

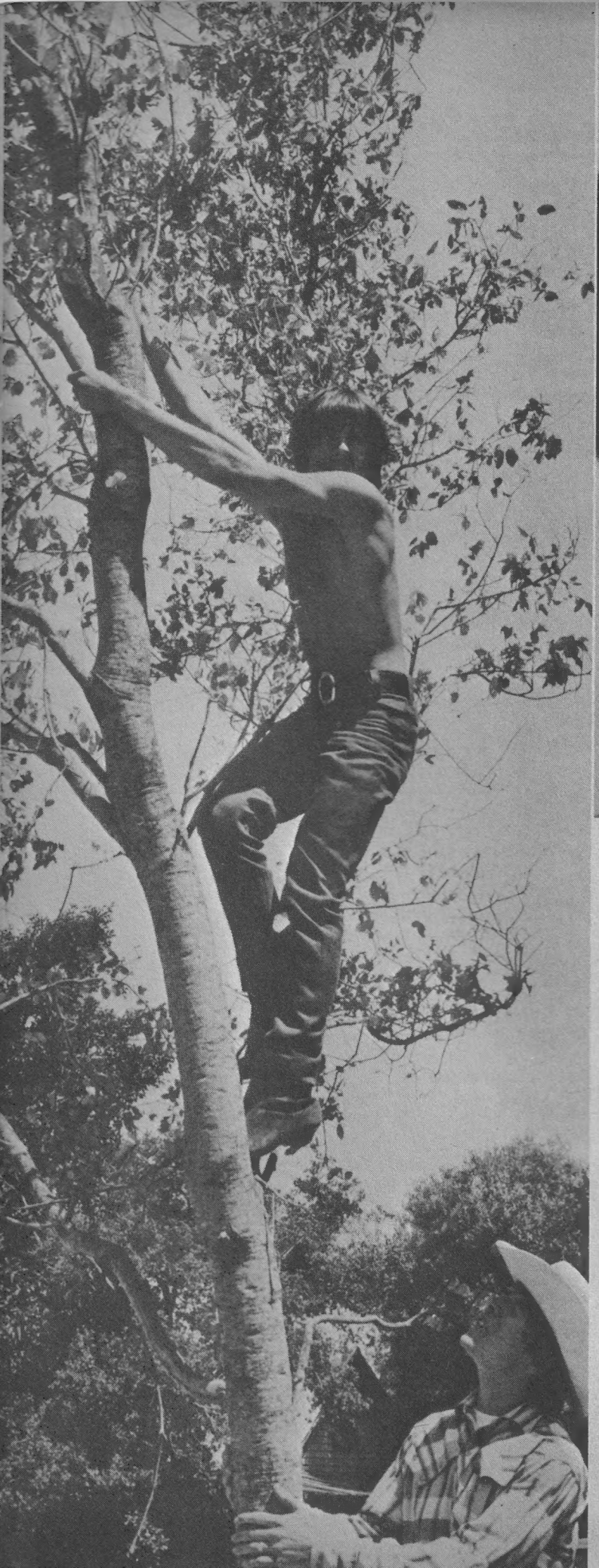
Oh-oh! I hope you didn't miss April TL. ***(Please turn to page 60)***

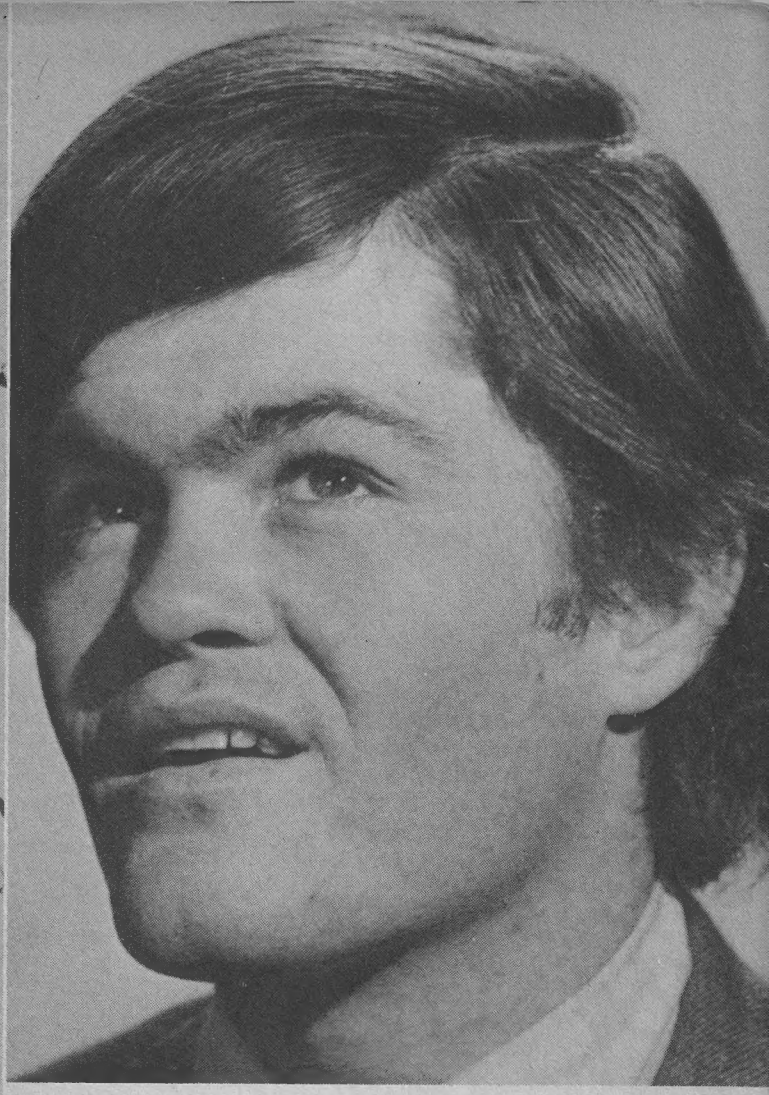




MOnKeES Are ThE CRaZieSt PeOple

You won't believe the wayout lines the Monkees fed our Marilyn Beck!





Q. When did the four of you first meet? Here, for the series?
A. What time is it? 3½ hours ago.
A. All kidding aside, I first met Mike at the Rafters, a club in Santa Monica.
Q. When was that?
A. 3½ hours ago.
Q. Davy, I know you planned to be a jockey at first?
A. No short jokes. (Peter)
A. Don't kid Davy about his height, stand up and show 'em how tall you are. (Micky)
A. I am standing up.
A. See what we mean, no short jokes. (Peter)
Q. Are any of you married?
A. Yes.(Pete) I'm married to Micky.
A. Micky is going steady. (Davy)
A. Yeh, and I'm getting married about then and if he don't knock it off, man the deal is off. (Micky)
A. I won't say the steak is terrible, but it's pretty bad.
Q. Outside of being married to each other, are any of you married?
A. What do you think we are — bigamists? (Pete)
A. For crying out loud, give us a break. (Mike) Whatever you say, Peter, don't use Jesus, God . . . Whatever you do . . .
Q. Never!
A. Whatever you say, don't say nectarine.

MORE

Cause that's bad. (Davy)
A. Nectarine! (Micky)
A. Where's there a nectarine? (Pete)
Q. Just so I'm not totally confused when I leave, just answer me one question straight. How many of you are from England and how many from the U.S.?
A. Yes. (David)
Q. Alright! What do you think of American teenagers?
A. Yes. Middle-East. (Mike)
A. Oh, you mean American Teenagers? (Micky)
A. I would say Fritos. (David)
A. You're Fritos. (Micky)
Q. What do you think of long haircuts?
A. Long hair is going out. (Mike)
A. It'll never replace popcorn. (Micky)
A. I think long hair with the proper merchandising . . . (Pete)
A. Could somebody tell me what's in here, please! (Davy)
A. It's an eg-g. (Micky)
A. Would you say it's an eg-g. I didn't have the learning you know, I don't have the Latin to know these things, you see. (Davy)
A. It's an eg-g. (Micky)
A. You think it's an eg-g? (Davy)
A. I know it's an eg-g. (Micky)
A. How do you know it's an eg-g? (Davy)
A. I can tell because little chickens are in it. (Micky)
A. There are some chickies in there somewhere. (Davy)
A. There's a chicken, oh, I'm sorry, that wasn't a chicken. (Micky)
Note: This is all going on while David and Micky are running their hands through a bowl of potato salad on the table. Peter said that he had wanted some of that and to stop playing with it. And Davy said, "Don't worry I've only been picking my nose."
Q. What do you fellows think of the English Mod fashions?
A. Oh, Mod fashions. (Mike)
A. In mod opinion, I don't know. (Davy)
A. Automobiles. (Micky)
A. No, I always say tomato. (Davy)
Q. Do you fellows live together?
A. Yes, we all live in Los Angeles. (Pete)
A. No, she asked us if we live together. (Mike)
A. Micky and I share a house. And Mike and I share a house. (Davy)
Q. At the beach, or Hollywood or where?
A. Well, we have a house in Hollywood and we have a house in Beverly Glen. And we have a house in Malibu Canyon and a house in Anaheim. (Davy)
Q. What do you fellows do for recreation?
A. What would you like? I have the time; do you have the money? (Pete)
Q. What kind of a car do you drive?
A. We have a car between us. (Mike)
Q. Aren't you getting on each other's nerves, if you live together and work together?
A. We hate one another, we hate one another, I said. (Micky)
A. We hate everyone. We hate each other. I hate Micky and Pete and Mike. (Davy)
A. We hate each other, oh yes, we do. (Micky)
A. That's another bit of scandal there, pick up on it. (Davy)
Q. How long have you been in this country, David?
A. I've been here for four years. (Davy)
Q. Is the hair long for the series, or was it long before?
A. It's very long for the series, normally for a series it's much shorter, but for this series, it's longer. (Mike)
A. Actually, I'm waiting until my eye brows get longer so I can brush my hair over my head. (Pete)
Q. Did you go to college?
A. Yeh, well, once. (Pete)
Q. What college?
A. Hard knocks. (Pete)
Q. What about you, Micky, did you go to college?
A. Did I? (Micky)
A. Yes, you did. (Davy)
Q. Where?
A. Shall I say Valley State, UCLA? (Micky)
A. What about UCLA. (David)
Q. Alright, forget it!
A. Don't tell them anything, it'll destroy their image. (Davy)
A. I can't tell them I went to college because it'll destroy their image, man. (Micky)
A. I was taking advance nuclear, theoretical electronics at UCLA. I have a bachelor's degree at Oxford in Shakesperean and Modern Lit. (Pete)
Q. What do you think of the kids who protest at Cal?
A. Less. (Pete)
A. Protesting where? Are there people protesting at Cal? (Mike)
A. What are they protesting about? (David)
Q. What were you going to say David? For a moment I had the feeling you were going to say something straight.
A. Actually I don't have any opinion. I think it's a bit much. Everybody knows how everybody feels, you don't have to protest. (Davy)
Q. Have any of you fellows been in the service?
A. I haven't. (Micky)
A. I've served my parents for the longest time. (Pete)
A. Mike was in

(Please turn to page 64)

Peter makes like a madly wonderful Gypsy lad, full of musical fire and ice.

There's nothing like a hot game of pingpong to cool off Mike & Peter.

A scoop shot of Mike and his lovely Phyllis. And a doll of a shot of Davy boy.

Like everything about the Monkees even their car is on the wild side.

The sounds they make on the Colgems label are super terrific.

MELODY PATTERSON says:

WANT TO BE POPULAR? DON'T BE LIKE ME!

Melody, shown opposite with Ken Berry her F-Troop co-star, is ten girls rolled into one!

"IS there a special formula," I asked Melody, "for a girl to become popular? What makes some pretty girls wallflowers, while the plain girl has a bunch of boys buzzing around her?"

Melody sighed. "Gosh, I wish I had the answers," she said with sincere and modest honesty. "I do know that being pretty isn't enough. A girl has to be vivacious. And even if she doesn't know all the answers—few teenagers do, including myself—she should be interested in a variety of subjects.

"I remember there was a girl I admired very much. True, she was beautiful. She had marvelous taste. She stood out in a crowd. I used to wish I could be just like her. We were both blondes, but it seemed to me that she had something that I didn't. Secretly I determined to be just like her. And that's where I made my first mistake.

"Now, about two years later, I get letters from girls telling me that they would like to be just like me. That thought makes me shudder. Girls also ask me how they can become popular. They are under the impression that, just because I happen to be an actress, I must have dozens and dozens of dates. They're quite wrong.

"But to get back to the part about girls wanting to look like me because they think I'm popular, I've got one answer: If you want to be popular (and who doesn't!) DON'T be like me. That's one of the worst mistakes you can make.

"BE YOURSELF!

"Those two little words—BE YOURSELF!—can change the whole course of your life. What looks divine on one girl can make you look like a drip. A Sassoon hairdo can make your best friend look charmingly sophisticated, but on you the same do can transform you into a pathetic-looking shorn lamb. The color orange on one girl can send a boy into a delightful tizzy, but orange on you can make him turn yellow.

"I know. I went through the whole bit of trying to be like somebody else instead of myself.

"Since most girls are interested in boys (is there a more fascinating subject?), I've kept my ears open. Older girls have learned through experience, but we teenagers have to learn the hard way. It is an absolute fact, for instance, that boys do not like girls who gush over them, and girls who are unsubtle in wangling a date.

"Since time began, boys like to take the lead. Whether we agree or not, it makes them feel more manly to be the one to suggest a date. It isn't that a boy particularly likes a girl who plays hard to get, but—well, he doesn't like to think that she's an easy mark. He likes to feel as though he's made a conquest."

Melody was warming up to the subject of boys and popularity. After all, she's 17, blonde, beautiful ***(Please turn to page 53)***

THAT FIRST DRINK
THAT FIRST PUFF

The pix Paul talks about in his story: With him, Rona Barrett & Dick Chamberlain. Top: The inevitable cig in his hand, Paul's with D'Ana Rankin.

by PAUL PETERSEN

It takes a lot of courage to confess your "sins" in order to help others from making the same mistakes!

SOMETIMES I think there's a bit of the preacher in all of us. Not, let me hasten to add, that I'm going to get on my soap box here. Uh-uh! What really set me off on a "think binge" into my own past, were the sky-high headlines about teenage drinking and riots and such.

I'm not going to pretend that teens don't get into trouble when they've had one too many, but I will say—and must say—that those hideous headlines do not represent all teenagers, but only the TINIEST fraction! I think this fact should be stressed over and over again. Because a handful of hoods bully their way into a local discotheque and break things up, including skulls, is no reason to indict an entire segment of our population. That really makes my blood boil.

What I would like to talk about, however, is the word TEMPTATION! Mm-mm! In order to help you to avoid it, I'll have to confess that I couldn't resist that FIRST DRINK or that FIRST PUFF. I remember I was a hot fourteen . . .

* * *

About four of us pooled our small change and decided, on a dare, to do something different. That "something different" led us into a chain of events I'll never forget. What we did was to buy a *(Please turn to page 54)*

You Want To Go Steady— He Doesn't! What To Do?

It's an ever-burning question a lot of girls ask themselves! Try our tricky approach!

"MOST girls feel that going steady is the most important thing in their lives," Sally Field said. The adorable ex-**Gidget,** now a movie star of great talent, was no exception. "I went steady for five years with Steven Craig," she continued. "Actually we were growing up together. It isn't that two young people who never dated others get tired of each other—it wasn't that way with Steven and me—but that they grow away from each other.

"There comes a time when two kids, despite the fact that they are still fond of each other, must start dating others. Five years is a long time, but I

(Please turn to page 56)

DICK CLARK

SEX-

specially posed by professional models

LET'S BE HONEST ABOUT IT...

MUST reading for every teenager, written by DICK CLARK, in love and friendship!

SEX? Sure, let's talk about it, but let's be honest and direct. So without any fancy-talk or double-talk, here goes—right from my mind and heart.

I realize there are more temptations today, that there is every indication of looser morals. But if a person is really an adult at heart, is mature, he or she will realize how moronic it is to go too far too early.

I won't talk to you about the moral aspects; those should have been instilled in you by your parents. But I will approach the subject intellectually—as one adult to another—and prove why you'd have to be stupid to ignore the rules of morality.

Analyze it: A few years back a single girl who became pregnant would be ostracized by the community, would live the rest of her life in disgrace. That no longer is the case, but her life, spiritually and automatically, is logically fouled up. More often than not, she ends up marrying someone she really doesn't love. She's marrying with the knowledge that if the boy had his way he'd still be free, that he is

(Please turn to page 58)

JENNY BOND MYSTERY GIRL

by BESSIE LITTLE

It was my big brother Joey who introduced me to Max. This rather surprised me because everybody knew Max Burk came from the wrong side of the tracks and that, before he transferred to Oakdale Junior High, he had gotten into trouble with the law from time to time. Oh, nothing serious, really; just little things like swiping an apple from a fruit stand, or pinching some cheap jewelry from the five and ten counter.

The police in Oakdale would let him off with a warning, because they didn't consider Max a criminal. "Just a mischievous kid," they said.

One moment Jenny was deliciously in love . . . The next, she was held in the chilling grip of death!

"One of these days he'll straighten out and become a useful, law-abiding citizen."

Max, to tell you the truth, didn't mean a thing in my young life. I do vaguely recall my parents saying that, someday, if he didn't reform, he'd come to no good. My brother Joey, who is almost fifteen years older than I am, would defend Max and remind my parents that most ten-year-old boys indulged in minor pranks, just to see how far they could get away with it. Then the whole family would chuckle over some remembered mischief Joey had pulled as a kid, and they'd get on with the serious business of talking about the day's happenings.

As for me, the baby of our family, I was treated like a precious, fragile top. My brother has dark hair and eyes; he's tall and, please don't think I'm bragging, is ten times better looking than Rock Hudson. Honesty, nobody would ever believe we were brother and sister. I am "no bigger than a minute," to use my brother's description, and have blonde, almost flaxen, hair. With my blue eyes and delicate features and figure, my mother is fond of saying that a mild breeze would blow me away.

I worshipped Joey. I still do, even after what happened that night when I was almost killed. I prayed that night . . . **"please, dear God, let me die . . ."** Then, mercifully, I sank into a coma . . .

Joey said all I did was go into a "dainty faint!" All! That's not **my** version of what happened. All I knew as my life ebbed away was that God was answering my prayers to let me die. Death, I was certain, was better than facing life with an acid-scarred face and eyes that would never see again.

But oh, I'm getting ahead of my story.

One day as I was walking to school with my best friend, Beryl, we saw Joey talking to this perfectly gorgeous boy in front of the barber shop. "Hi, girls," Joey greeted us. "Come over and meet Max Burk. He's transferring to Oakdale Junior High on Monday. Introduce him around to the kids. Okay?"

I could actualy feel my vision blur with excitement. Later Beryl said she felt herself melt when she looked into Max' green eyes. Even though Max was only a year older than I am, he was as tall as Joey, who is six one. He had a scar on his cheek about two inches long, and I had the most awful temptation to caress it. Part of the scar disappeared when he smiled. You see, Max has the deepest dimples you ever saw, and dimples are my absolute passion. Beryl's too.

Beryl and I knew we had to rush off to school, but we couldn't move; we couldn't tear ourselves away from his green eyes and, oh yes, the longest thickest lashes you ever saw.

And that's how my life changed from that moment on. I couldn't wait until Monday. Beryl and I promised each other that we'd let Max decide who'd he like to date. We wouldn't flirt with him, just act natural. If I was to be the lucky one, she'd take her defeat gracefully, and I would do the same if he asked her out. Somehow we knew that he'd be attracted to one of us.

It was ME!

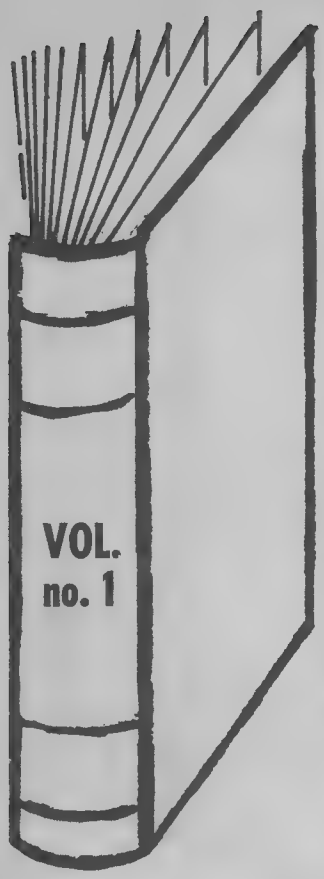
Max didn't talk like the kids in school. Sometimes, I'm ashamed to say, I corrected his pronunciation. I'd say, as gently as possible, "don't say **dese,** Max; it's these." He'd laugh goodnaturedly and say, "oops, sorry." Then half-kiddingly, he'd ask me to teach him "the king's English."

Max told me that my brother was responsible for having him transferred from the school in the slum section. Joey was always doing something noble.

After my mother got over the first shock of my dating Max, she began to treat him like a human being. Why, she even invited him to go to church with us! As I look back now, what a laugh that must have given Max!

I hardly saw Beryl after Max and I became steadies. It was only when Max was busy that Beryl and I would get together. I just lived for the moments I could be with him. I thought our love was too good to be true, too good to last. I was right. ***(Please turn to page 58)***

specially posed by professional models



GARY'S SECRET DIARY

You'll love him more than ever as you share his most intimate thoughts, his most fervent prayers...

by Pvt. GARY LEWIS

■ TUESDAY, NIGHT, DECEMBER 27, 1966—I can't sleep. There's no point in trying to fight it any longer; I just can't get unwound. I guess every guy probably feels like this the night before he goes into the service, excited, a little nervous, not knowing what to expect, looking forward to it and yet not looking forward to it, expecting it to be interesting and fun and at the same time expecting it to be a lot of hard work.

While I was lying in bed, trying hard to relax and get to sleep so I can be fresh for my introduction to the Army tomorrow, I got to some serious thinking. For such a long time life was just like playing games, a new experience every day, and as I grew older the new experience became more important and had more effect on my life. Like when I performed my first big engagement with the Playboys at the Cow Palace in San Francisco, I was so thrilled and excited but also a little fearful not knowing what the outcome would be.

And now that I'm going into the Army I have almost the same feelings. I'm very glad now that my folks enrolled me in Black-Fox Military School and that I went all the way through and graduated. Now the military life won't be new to me.

* * *

It's 30 minutes later now and I still can't sleep. I keep thinking about all that happened today—my last day at home. And what a great day it was, this last day of civilian life for a couple of years. I used to think that a guy would want to go out and have a wild time on his last night at home, but when it came right down to it I really wanted just a quiet day with the people who really matter—my family—and a

An Army Recruitment Lieutenant says Army hat becomes our Gary.

Gary and his lovely mom, Patti, with husky son of Gary's road manager.

"Like always, pop tried to beat me at a game of pool." Date: 12/27/66.

"My last night home with mom and pop." The cake reads: "Go With God."

quiet evening with the one girl who really matters in my life--Jinky Suzara.

And that's the way today was. It started out as if I was preparing to go on the road again. I went to the camera shop, then had my GTO washed and gassed and readied for a fast getaway the first minute I get back home on furlough.

My little brothers all pitched in and helped me pack and it was funny the way they kept putting all the wrong things in the bag for me. I was very tempted to pack my baby brother Joseph in the bag—to take along with me. I'm sure going to miss him—and all of them.

Then we had a quiet dinner at home with Mom and Dad and Jinky and a couple of close friends. We didn't talk much about anything important, just family-talk. You know, like all those stories of when I was a little boy.

Mom started reflecting about my childhood and told me that when she was pregnant with me, Dad had gone for his physical for World War II. That's really something, isn't it? Now here I am going off to defend our country. Dad didn't make it into the service, though. They classified him 4-F and sent him home, which made Mom very happy but it kind of broke Dad's heart.

Probably what I'll remember longest about that last family dinner was the feeling that we all seemed so anxious for me to embark on my new job—and that everyone was so very proud of me!

After dinner, Jinky and I went to see a movie and had a midnight snack. I felt pretty sad about leaving her when I took her home, but the more I thought about it on the ride home, I realized I really felt good about her being out here waiting for me when I get through basic training.

(Please turn to page 52)

COOK UP A ROMANTIC STORM FOR HIM

Be they boy or man, one thing's certain: the way to a guy's heart is via his stomach!

AND to help you prove that old saying true, here are a selection of treasured recipes of JOE PASTERNAK—famous Hollywood producer and noted chef—that are bound to make YOUR guy and your guests purr. Cherished by his family for generations, these goodies are just a few of the prized dishes to be found in Mr. Pasternak's new book of Continental cookery called COOKING WITH LOVE AND PAPRIKA. We reprint these delicious recipes with the permission of Bernard Geis Associates, who publish the book on sale now at $5.95, © 1966 by Joseph Pasternak.

BAKED BEANS HUNGARIAN STYLE (*Scholet*)

SERVES 6–8

2 pounds beef brisket
2 pounds pastrami
1 ham hock (optional)
2 marrow bones
1 large onion
1 green pepper
2 cloves garlic
1 tomato, peeled
2 cups uncooked navy beans, soaked
½ cup large barley
2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 cups water, at least

Wash and clean the meats and bones, being sure that all the skin and pepper coating is removed from the pastrami. Mince the onion, green pepper, and garlic. Chop the tomato.

Next, wash the beans and barley and dry on absorbent paper. In a large roasting pan, mix the shortening, flour, paprika, salt, and pepper. Add the beans, barley, and vegetables and mix, then add the 4 cups water and mix again.

Put the marrow bones and the ham hock between two layers of the bean mixture and top with the other meats. Bake, covered, in a 375° oven for 2 hours.

Now stir with a wooden spoon, being very careful not to crush or mash the beans. If the liquid has boiled away, add more hot water. Replace the cover and cook until the meat and beans are thoroughly done. Turn off the heat, but leave the dish in the oven.

Next day, 1 or 2 hours before serving, stir the beans again carefully. You can add another cup of heated water if they look dry. Cook again in a 300° oven and serve very hot.

Serve the beans in a large casserole. Slice the meats very thinly and serve separately on a large platter, with some of the sauce from the beans poured over them. Pickles and a crisp salad are nice side dishes for this casserole.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH CASSEROLE (*Székely Gulyás*)

SERVES 4–6

When I cook I concentrate completely, and I don't mind admitting it makes me nervous to have people watching, especially when I'm preparing a specialty from my native Hungary. But Lana Turner loves this Hungarian *gulyás*, and she loves to watch me cook it. She'll give almost anything to come into the kitchen and watch, and she'll say, "Joe, I'll give you a kiss . . ." So I stifle my temperament and let Lana watch. A kiss from Lana Turner is *worth* getting nervous about.

2 pounds pork leg or shoulder
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 medium onion, minced
1 clove garlic, minced
1 green pepper, chopped
1 tomato, peeled and chopped
2 tablespoons shortening
4–5 tablespoons water, at least
1-pound can sauerkraut
1 pint sour cream
dash caraway seeds

Cut the meat into small dice. Mix the flour, salt, paprika, and cayenne pepper together in a paper bag. Shake the meat in this to coat well on all sides. Then sauté the meat with the onion, garlic, green pepper, and tomato in the shortening until golden. Add 4–5 tablespoons water, cover, and simmer until the meat is tender. Add a little more water if necessary.

Drain and rinse the sauerkraut, then rinse again. Mix into the meat. Add the sour cream, caraway seeds, and a little water and stir well. Place in a casserole and cook for 30 minutes in a 350° oven. Taste and correct the seasoning before serving.

HUNGARIAN HOT DOG GOULASH (*Lecsó*)

SERVES 4

The first time I served *lecsó* to Van Johnson he looked at it and said, "Hot dogs and tomatoes and green peppers! I don't even like those when they're *not* mixed up together!" So as usual I said, "Taste it, taste it, just taste it. . . ."

Now, I play very bad tennis and Van Johnson plays very good tennis. But after he had eaten the *lecsó*, we made a deal. Every time I make it for him, he plays tennis with me for an hour. I think that's a pretty good deal, too, because I get to do *two* things I like, play tennis and cook, and he only gets to eat. (This is a good example of Hungarian logic.)

2–3 onions, chopped
2 green peppers, diced
2 tomatoes, chopped
2–3 tablespoons shortening
1 tablespoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
dash pepper
5–6 potatoes, peeled and diced
2 cups water
1 pound hot dogs
cayenne pepper
green pepper rings for garnish

In a 2-quart pan, sauté the onions, green peppers, and tomatoes in the shortening until limp. Take the pan from the stove, sprinkle with paprika, salt, and pepper and stir. Return to the fire. Add the potatoes and the 2 cups water.

Let this mixture simmer gently until the potatoes are done, about 20 minutes. Skin and slice the hot dogs in ½-inch rounds and add them to the pan. Let cook, covered 10–15 minutes more. Taste for seasoning and sprinkle with cayenne pepper. Serve, garnished with green pepper rings, with a crisp green salad.

TINY PIZZAS

These handsome little individual pizzas are very easy to make and are always a smash success, even with beautiful young actresses who must watch their diets and their figures. They give me reproachful looks with their lovely eyes, but I know they don't mean it, because I see how happy they look when they think I'm not watching how many they eat.

I always make the pizzas in large quantities, so, I'm sorry to say, I can't give you exact measurements. The average can of frozen biscuits holds 8 or 10. You'll have to plan on how many of the little pizzas you want to make, buy as many cans as you'll need, and adjust the rest of the ingredients accordingly. Two for each guest is quite enough, if you have other appetizers as well, and three will make a very hearty appetizer before a light dinner.

canned biscuits
oil or melted butter
sliced tomato
salami
tomato paste
chili sauce
cayenne pepper
oregano
mushrooms
olives
mozzarella, Jack, or Swiss cheese
garlic
grated Parmesan cheese

For your base, open a can of refrigerated biscuits. Flatten each with the palm of your hand and place on a baking sheet. Brush with oil or melted butter. Place on each one a slice of mozzarella, Jack, or Swiss cheese, a thin slice of tomato, a slice of salami, and sliced mushrooms and olives.

Make a topping by mixing tomato paste with chili sauce. Season with a dash of cayenne pepper, oregano, some minced garlic, and some grated Parmesan cheese. Spread this topping over the pizzas, and sprinkle with more grated Parmesan cheese.

Bake at 425° for 10 minutes and serve hot.

MACARONI AU GRATIN

SERVES 4–6

1 pound plain or elbow macaroni
salted water
1 stick butter
½ pint sour cream
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
salt, white pepper to taste
1 cup cream
2 eggs, separated

Boil the macaroni in salted water until tender. Drain and rinse.

Melt the butter in a saucepan and mix it with the macaroni, sour cream, grated Parmesan cheese, and salt and white pepper to taste. Add the cream and blend. Beat the egg yolks and whites separately. Stir in the beaten egg yolks and then fold in the beaten egg whites. Turn into a casserole. Top with grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a 350° oven until nicely browned.

If you want to vary this casserole, you can add ground boiled or baked ham as well. But even plain, this Continental version of "macaroni and cheese" is new and delicious. And when you can make macaroni and cheese interesting, you're really cooking!

NOODLE BAKE

SERVES 6–8

1 1-pound package fine noodles
salted water
3 eggs, beaten
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons butter

Cook the noodles in salted water until tender. Rinse and shake in a colander to prevent them from sticking together, then put in a 2-quart casserole.

Combine the beaten eggs, milk, and seasonings and pour over the noodles. Dot with the butter. Place the casserole in a pan of hot water. Cover and bake in a moderate 350° oven for 1 hour, or until firm and golden.

SPAGHETTI PIE

SERVES 4–6

½ pound spaghetti, cooked and rinsed
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup plus 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ cup heavy cream
1 unbaked pie shell (see page 282)
salt, pepper
2–3 tomatoes, peeled and sliced

Mix the spaghetti with the butter, the ½ cup Parmesan cheese, parsley, and cream. Fill the pie shell and season with salt and pepper. Cover with the peeled, sliced tomatoes. Dot with more butter and sprinkle generously with 4 tablespoons Parmesan cheese. Bake in a 350° oven for 20–30 minutes, or until nicely browned.

Elvis: HIS SECRET HIDEAWAY

Where it is—
Why he keeps moving—
What it's like
to visit him

THERE'S a kind of sadness about the way Elvis lives, the way he keeps moving, running, hiding. Today he lives in a new home, one he has recently decorated in the West Los Angeles-Beverly Hills area. Try as he does to keep his address a secret, a certain grapevine of fans always succeed in tracking down the location of his latest hideaway.

Within a matter of a day after Elvis moved into his newest house, fans parked along the street of his palatial grounds. It is his fans, loyal and loving as they are, who have made it necessary for Elvis Presley to move five times since he has emerged as one of Hollywood's top stars.

When Elvis first arrived in Hollywood, he lived at the Beverly Wilshire. Soon the management found it impossible to cope with the fans who surrounded the posh hotel. Elvis, embarrassed by all the commotion, obligingly moved to an estate in Bel Air. Much to his chagrin, his neighbors did not appreciate their exclusive section being over-run by fans who virtually set up headquarters outside their mansions. Many of the residents, wealthy and of advanced age, complained about the road blocks of fans' cars that made it impossible to reach their own homes. Much to the annoyance of these elegant residents, Presley's fans knocked on their doors amost continuously to inquire the number of their idol's house.

Elvis, who wouldn't inconvenience anyone, moved to another house higher up in Bel Air. It overlooked a golf course. All was well until his neighbors complained about Elvis' motorcycles and the roar they made going up and down the hilly, winding roads. To solve this problem, Elvis had the motorcycles, all twelve of them for himself and his boys, put in a moving van and taken to a strategic road where they could roar away to their hearts' content. On their return they'd dismount and the cycles would go back into the moving van.

This thoughtful gesture did not quite make his neighbors happy. They were still upset because the fans continued to overrun the neighborhood. So Elvis moved again. This time he took a house on a main road, one that would not interfere with the privacy of his neighbors.

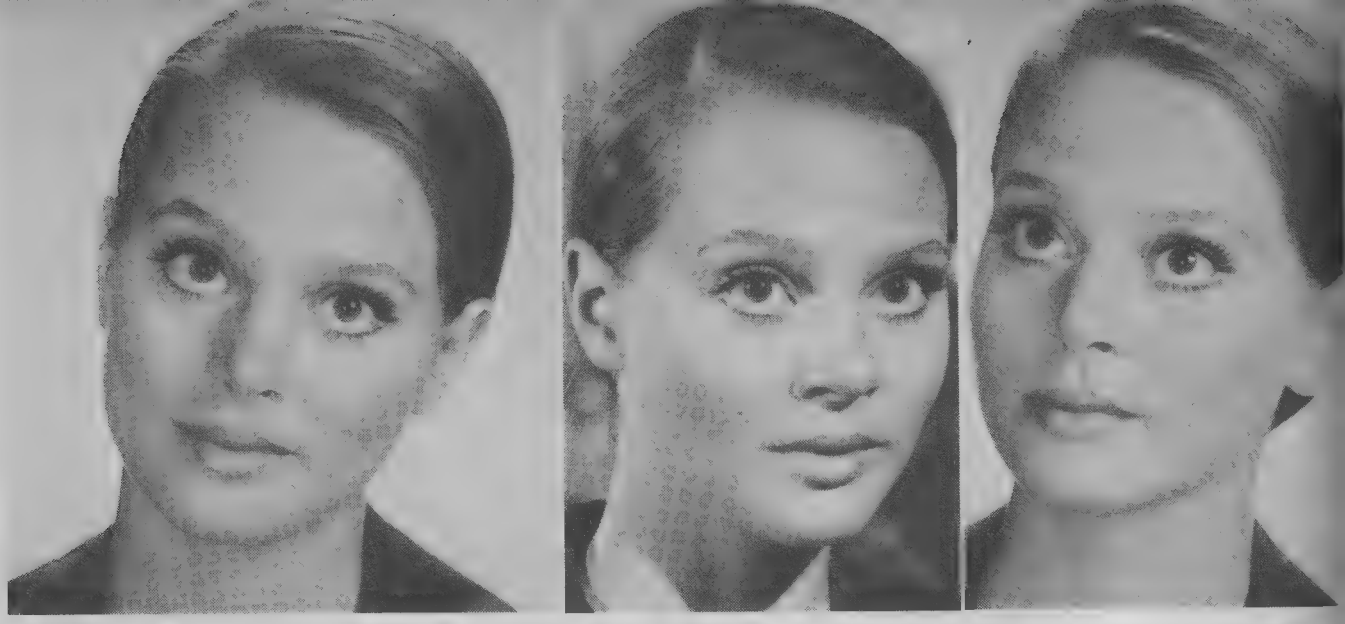
The house is a long rambling California modern with wide verandas, garden, pool and a guest house. Elvis has decorated his own personal suite in royal blue. This is a departure from the red and beige and black he once enjoyed. His rooms have every push-button device, from a disappearing television set, to a bed that raises and adjusts to walls that move and disappear. A spectacular door opens from out of the wall into the living room. It's like seeing Vincent Price in a movie. Everyone will be up at Elvis' house for a jam session, and you wonder when Elvis will walk in. Suddenly the wall itself swings open and Elvis, as if by magic, steps out, smiling. And the wall closes behind him again. It's presto, Elvis is here, then suddenly, he isn't. For he disappears with equal ease to a world beyond the wall.

There haven't been so many free-wheeling parties this year in this new house as in former years, when Elvis held open house often for his buddies and their friends and any droppers-in from Tennessee. Elvis has taken to reading. He spends hours with his books.

"I didn't get a college education, and I *(Please turn to page 56)*

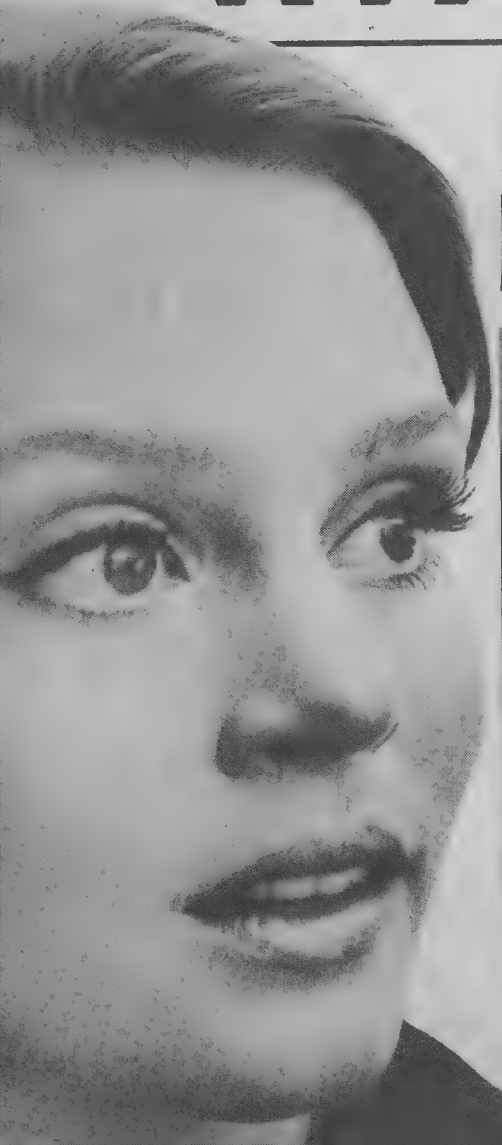
Pretty Priscilla Beaulieu, the mystery girl in El's life.

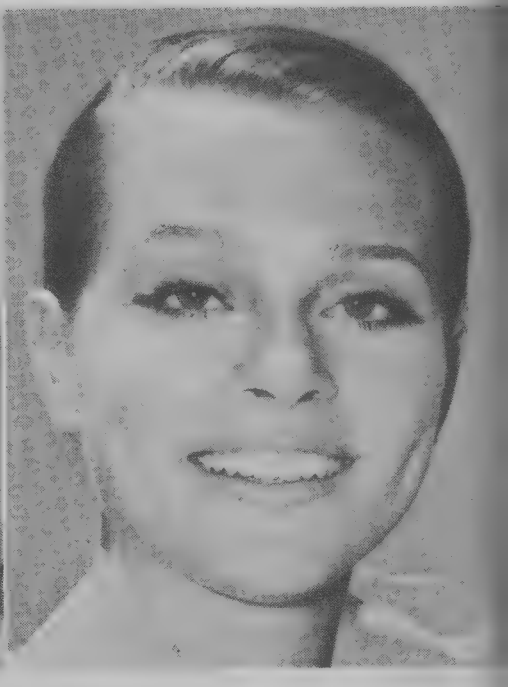
Elvis is not to be missed in Spinout *(MGM) and* Easy Come, Easy Go *(Paramount).*



ALL ABOUT RYAN'S GIRL

HER TEARS HER LONELINESS





by MARILYN BECK

SHE has amazing hazel eyes. They're so huge, so expressive. They mirror her every thought, her every mood. When I first met Leigh Taylor-Young my heart reached out to her because her eyes were filled with such sadness, loneliness and, I suspected, tears.

Leigh was still a stranger to Hollywood when I met her for lunch in the 20th Commissary. The *Peyton Place* cast and crew, she told me, had "given me such a warm welcome." But it was at the day's end, when the set closed down and her new make-believe friends had gone their way, that loneliness, stark and real, imprisoned her.

All that was before she and Ryan O'Neal fell in love . . . when he filled her life with carefree laughter . . . He opened her heart to emotions such as she had never known. But let me tell you about the girl before Ryan came into her life . . .

"I was about six when my mother remarried. At first I used to use my real last name —Taylor—then, as I got older, I began to use the name of Young. By the time I got to college I said to myself, 'The heck with it. I'll use them both."

There's a lot about Leigh that reminds me of Mia Farrow; she has the same almost ethereal quality, the same whispery voice, the same look of a Dresden doll.

"We were very wealthy," Leigh said matter-of-factly, "but we children always had chores to do at home. My parents were very strict, too. I could only date one night a week, and week nights I had to spend doing homework. On Saturday afternoons I couldn't even go on shopping sprees with the girls because I had to stay in and do my chores. mow the lawn, clean my room."

In spite of this strict environment, Leigh did not rebel. "I had a very happy homelife. I was never treated as a child. Discussions were rampant, with no subject taboo."

It wasn't until after Leigh entered junior high that her life changed. "We had moved from Birmingham, to Michigan, and I entered my new school in the middle of a term. That was the beginning of my troubles, I suppose.

"I was very shy, very scared. I just didn't know how to break down the barriers. Everyone else already had made their friends. I didn't know how to approach anyone so that I could become part of a crowd.

"It stayed like that all through junior high and until my sophomore year in high school. I never even made a girl friend, much less met a boy.

"And so I turned my energies toward other things: grades, family — particularly dancing. But all this only because I couldn't be where I wanted to be, with the kids I wanted as friends. I simply didn't belong. I was desperate, so desperately did I want to belong." The memory of those days still haunt and hurt this sensitive girl.

"Mom tells me now that I was terrible during that period. I completely lost my self-confidence and used to tell her that everyone was better than I was.

"And so mom took it upon herself to become my booster. She urged me to start dancing les- ***(Please turn to page 62)***

Ryan has opened up a wonderful world of love for lovely Leigh.

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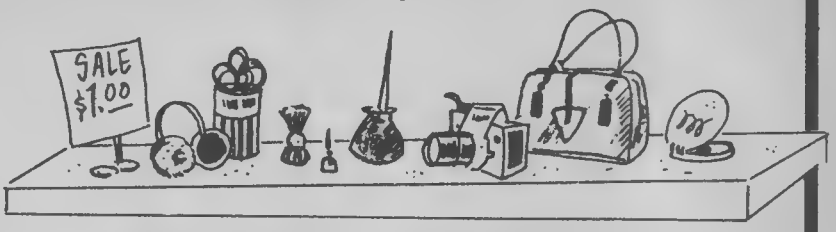


by TEEN LIFE READERS

For $UE CORNELIU$ of Cheverly, Md., $2.00.
If your no$e itche$, you're gonna ki$$ a fool.
U$ing beer on my hair help$ to keep it $hiny and $traighter, much longer.

$ $ $

And a $1.00 to THEA NEWELL of Albuquerque, N.M.
For a $moother more natural curl look, u$e 6 oz. can$ for curler$. They're wonderful.

$ $ $

To WENDIE BERMAN of Brooklyn, N.Y. $2.00 for her goodie$.
For $parkling teeth, bru$h with baking $oda once or twice a week.
For oily hair, put a clean nylon over a $tiff bru$h bri$tle, and BRU$H!

$ $ $

FRANCE$ MILLER of Amite, La., de$erve$ $1.00 for thi$ helpful hint:
For a bookca$e, how about a $tepladder fa$tened to your wall, paint it any color and place book$ on tep.

$ $ $

We hope MARIAN McQUIDDY of New York will receive good luck from TL'$ $1.00.
Whenever you $pill anything, knock wood and your bad luck will vani$h.

$ $ $

ANNETTE GLIN$KI of Gary, Ind. has a dollarful idea:
When cleaning anything made out of gla$$, clean it with an even amount of vinegar and water.

$ $ $

JEAN HELLEM of $taten I$land, N.Y. $ent us the$e Bargain Day Goodie$:
Putting ti$$ue under your pillow every night bring$ good luck.
Make your own jewelry box: Take a $hoe box and decorate it with bright colorful paper (the in$ide, too, if you wi$h); get $maller boxe$ and place them in the big $hoe box (with glue); the $mall boxe$ are u$ed to $eparate different jewelry. You can al$o decorate the $mall boxe$.

$ $ $

TRUDY TOMPEK of Mt. Vernon, N.Y. receive$ $2.00 for her handy hint & $uper-$tition:
"About $2.00 Party": Have friend$ bring 1 or two item$ each, $uch a$ cookie$, candy, potato chip$, corn chip$, etc. You furni$h the decoration$ and bake your own cake.
It'$ bad luck to carry 2 good luck charm$. 3 or 4 . . . all right.

$ $ $

This handy hint from BONNIE $OKOLOW$KI of Ironwood, Mich. i$ worth $1.00.
Know how to $hine up that dull old ring? U$e tooth pa$te.

BY ALL MEAN$ KEEP $ENDING & $ENDING MORE & MORE ODD$ & END$ FOR YOUR $1.00 BARGAIN DAY VARIETY COUNTER! THEY'RE $IMPLY FABULOU$!

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP by 007½

I don't think I've quite convinced PAUL PETERSEN that I'm not casing his movements. The night before he left on his 50,000-mile mission for the March of Dimes Birth Defect fund-raising campaign, we had 4somed it at one of our favorite eateries. I didn't expect to see him for a month. The following day we were brunching it in New York's elegant The Sign of the Dove. Rather unexpectedly, I might add. For Paul, New York, was an overnight stop; for me, ditto.

This reunion was strictly stag. Paul was with his good friend and public relations counsellor, JAY ALLEN. Both guys were pretty pooped.

Amazing thing about Paul is that he wears so many hats, so to speak. He's all student while attending Los Angeles City College (he's on the Dean's List); on the set, he's all-actor and on a date or at a party, he can't be topped as a wit, humorist and all-around conversationalist.

Since I only wear one hat, I doff it to this man who devotes all his energy toward the betterment of mankind. And at his own expense. Soon's I finish this I'm going to send a check to the March of Dimes. How's about joining me?

I don't know about you, but I still get goggle-eyed over those mini things I'm told are big girl's dresses and not doll's clothes. But I will say that MEREDITH McCREA is one dish who looks like a doll in her thigh-high whatever-it-is she wore at the *Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* preme. Obviously, her handsome hubby, DICK BERGER digs the look.

You don't see JOHNNY RIVERS' name on the charts these days. but you do see him around town with the best-looking birds. Like, DEANA MARTIN, as an instance. They were so absorbed with each other they scarcely noticed my "hi, kids."

And speaking of those dwelling on their own Heavenly Cloud, I think PAPA JOHN and MAMA MICHELLE PHILLIP (of the Mamas and Papas, natch) are not with us ordinary earthlings. They can say more to each other by a mere look without exchanging a word. And what that looks says is I-Love-You. Can't beat that kind of wordless poetry.

No doubt you've been reading about how the beatniks gave our Sunset Strip a bad name. Paul Petersen calls them the Freakniks, and I couldn't agree more. These are the repulsive characters who take LSD and pot and then try to crash the Go Go Clubs. Because they were ousted, they managed to incite a lot of other sickniks to protest. To show their defiance of the law and authority, they burned down cars, smashed windows, used lethal weapons and acted in a completely repulsive manner. But the law won out. The Strip was put on curfew and because of these filthy tactics, a number of clean Go Go clubs have been forced to close down. Too bad.

I came to New York for one purpose—to catch the new shows. Saw CONNIE STEVENS in *Star Spangled Girl* and is she ever GREAT! Too much! After the show, I went backstage to yak with her and TONY PERKINS who is also only wonderful.

From all the signs at the mere mention of EDDIE FISHER'S name it looks to me as though Connie and Eddie are definitely headed for hitchville, after a few hitches are unhitched.

While I'm talking about *Star Spangled Girl* I'd be commiting a sin if I didn't mention DICK BENJAMIN'S name. This boy brings down the house; he's that SENSATIONAL!

Following night I caught JILL HAWORTH in Cabaret. **I still can't believe it! Jilly is—well, she's such a fabulous performer she gives me the goose bumps.**

After the show we chatted over a batch of scrambled eggs at Sardi's with her beautiful blonde mama, NANCY. I guess I'm about the only one who wasn't surprised by Jill's brilliance. It was only a question of time before some smart producer recognized her versatility.

Though Jill no longer has a smashing crush on SAL MINEO, they are now good pals.

Talented 2some: Johnny Rivers & Deana Martin. Luvsome 2some: Mama & Papa John and Michelle.

Dick Berger luvs his Meredith McCrea's thigh-high minidress.

CHARM ROU*TEENS*

The teen years need not be the awkward years, the impatient years... oh, no! Make them YOUR GOLDEN YEARS!

by SARA JAMES

NOT long ago Dolly Berman of TEEN LIFE had a heart to heart talk with Pat Morrow about charm and beauty and other subjects of vital interest to girls. I think what Pat said is worth repeating.

"One of my main problems was that I thought I was pretty ugly. During my childhood and partly during my teens, I was a very happy youngster, but when I reached the age of 15, it dawned on me that I was ugly. I was very self-conscious and felt very left out as a consequence. But I soon became reconciled that this was the way I looked and there wasn't anything I could do about it."

Those were sad times for Pat, as teen years usually are, unfortunately, for many. But luckily for Pat she decided to do something about her "ugliness." Of course she wasn't ugly; far from it. She had a darling figure, shiny mousey-brown hair that glistened with streaks of gold, freckles that were sun-kissed and, oh, those hazel-green eyes! True, she went through a period of pesky pimples that seemed like mountains when she looked into the mirror. But all that's behind her now, including the terrible complex she had because she thought she wasn't as cute as the other girls in junior high.

"You know," she said to me, "the more a girl thinks about herself as being ugly, the uglier she will get. I would have been a much happier teenager if I had taken my assets—and we all have them—and concentrated on calling attention to these good points. Girls should take these attractive qualities—whether they are your eyes or hair or figure—and build on them. That helps to minimize your so-called bad points.

"I know the teen years are the most difficult to live through. Teens are so impatient to grow up. I was no exception. Goodness! Your problems loom larger than they really are, and you become deeply hurt when adults brush them aside as unimportant.

"You've heard so much about youth being the golden age. Bosh! Here you are sprouting pimples, growing in every direction—and all wrong—you feel awkward, self-conscious. That's golden? You either feel too fat or too thin, all arms and legs. But why go on? *You* know the *ichy* feeling," Pat smiled. "I'm glad all that's behind *me*. But how I wish other teens could avoid these stumbling blocks to a carefree adolescence."

Perhaps I can help *you*. I'm going to give it a sincere try.

One of your first *routeens* on your new road to charm is to never try to look or act older than you are. An attractive, healthy glow is much more becoming than put-

(Please turn to page 54)

Beautiful Pat Morrow stars in Peyton Place on ABC-TV.

The LENNON SISTERS:

This Is Our Love Code

Do join us, please, as the Lennons chat with our Dolly Berman...

The lovely Lennon Sisters let us borrow this precious picture from their "growing up" album.

TO know the lovely Lennon sisters—Kathy, Janet, Peggy and Dianne—is a rare privilege, and one I treasure. Unlike many teenagers in show business they are unspoiled by success; nor is there a hint of the movie star glamor bit in the way they live.

There are 11 brothers and sisters. Never have I seen a happier nor a more loving family.

The other Saturday, while sitting in the Palladium watching the Lawrence Welk band rehearse, we got to talking about life and what it's all about. Each agreed that life without religion was unthinkable. And so I asked them if they had a favorite prayer. I truly believe that YOUR life will be enriched as you listen . . .

Kathy, Peggy, Janet and Dianne as they are today, stars of Lawrence Welk's show.

Said Kathy: "My favorite prayers are **Our Father** and **Hail Mary.** I guess it's because I learned to say them when I was just a little girl and learned what they meant.

"As an example, if I'm worried about going on a plane, I'll say the **Hail Mary.** I know when I pray to **Mary** I'm praying to the actual mother of Jesus and that he'll listen to her. My prayer goes to her first and then to God."

Dianne said she's been praying to St. Gerard for a long time because he's the Saint of Motherhood. "I've been praying to him for the last four years before we adopted our baby, Mary. But now with three children, I don't pray to him anymore, but I will when I want another child," she smiled.

Peggy's favorite prayer is also **Hail Mary.** "It just comes right to my mind when I want to pray. It's the first thing that comes to me. I guess the reason for it is that I'm a female and I feel that because Mary was a mother, too, she would better understand how I feel."

The girls confessed that they often make up prayers, words that come from their heart.

"Yes, I make some up," Janet admitted. "I find myself saying whatever comes into my mind at certain times. I just talk mostly about taking care of the family and things like that."

Peggy, however, didn't agree. "I usually say the prayer that is written down. It's easier to think about other things at the same time. And I think it's important to say memorized prayers and mean them, than just say words."

"Meditation some- ***(Please turn to page 62)***

THE ADVENTURES OF TEENA A GO GO

by Bessie Little & BOB POWELL

TEENA, HURT AND OBVIOUSLY JEALOUS OF HER MOTHER'S INTEREST IN HER RIVAL, HOLLY, MAKES A DRAMATIC DECISION...

© 1967 Publication House, Inc.

HOLLY PROMISED ME SHE WILL NEVER HURT YOU AGAIN. SHE WANTS TO BE FRIENDS. WHY, SHE EVEN HELPED ME TO SELECT A DRESS FOR YOU AS A SURPRISE!
OH, MAMA! CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR BEING MEAN AND JEALOUS!
FORGIVE YOU? OH, DARLING...
I THINK I'LL WRITE TO BETTINA FOR ADVICE ON HOW TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN!
WE'RE A FAMILY AGAIN!
OH, I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I TRY ON THE DRESS YOU BOUGHT ME! TO THINK, I THOUGHT YOU WERE BUYING IT FOR HOLLY.
WITH THOSE HART MILLIONS HOLLY DOESN'T NEED CLOTHES FROM ME!
SOMETIME LATER...
SKIP, DEAR, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO DRIVE ME OVER TO HOLLY'S HOUSE!
DRIVE YOU WHERE?
NOW WHAT'S SO REMARKABLE ABOUT BEING FRIENDS WITH HOLLY? WE GREW UP TOGETHER AND...
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BORROW MY BOXING GLOVES, JUST IN CASE...
MAYBE SKIP HAS AN IDEA ABOUT THOSE BOXING GLOVES... WE'LL SEE!

The BIG BEATLE MYSTERY

RINGO

PAUL

GEORGE

JOHN

What is happening to the Beatles? Will they ever tour again? How true are all the break-up rumors?

George, seen here with his moustache, is writing Indian music.

by BESS COLEMAN

■ What is happening to The Beatles? Are they going to split up? Why haven't they announced any joint plans for this year? Are they coming back to the States again? In fact, are they going to tour anywhere again?

These are just a few of the questions that people in the pop world, and fans alike, have been asking. But there is almost a complete silence on their future plans together. Why?

We KNOW that John Lennon has made a film without the other three. **How I Won The War** is its title and those in the know say that John has done a superb acting job as Private Gripweed.

We KNOW that Paul McCartney has written the beautiful music score for the Hayley Mills film, **The Family Way,** and that there's a definite possibility that he'll be writing more music for films. We also know that he's very keen on record production—his first credited production was a very good disc by an English group called The Escorts.

Flash

It's finally happened! The gossips on the London scene are whispering loud and clear that the Paul McCartney/Jane Asher romance has ended after more than three years. Rumor has it that Jane ended the affair—that she is concentrating on her acting career . . .

We KNOW that George Harrison has been off to India to study sitar and that he and Patti have become deeply engrossed in the Eastern way of life. In fact, I even heard that visitors to the Harrison household in Esher, Surrey are asked to remove their shoes before entering. We also know that he is half way through composing an Indian piece of classical music — that he wanders around at home in Indian robes.

We KNOW that Ringo Starr has made it known that if the right film part came along, he'd be interested. That a landscape gardening company in England was sueing him for a large amount of money for non-payment of a bill.

But, at the time of going to press, that's just about all, that's known about their activities.

Even their press officer in London is unable to shed much light on the mystery. All that is known is that they might be doing a series of spectaculars on British television some-

(Please turn to page 60)

DATELINES

by ELE and WALT DULANEY

It is here, in this very spot, where you can rid yourself of **all** your problems, be they on love, "that boy," parents, friends, loneliness . . . everything and anything that troubles you. ELE and WALT DULANEY, young happy-weds with enormous experience working with and for teenagers, want to help you to a more wonderful TEEN LIFE . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Dulaney's own story is a thrilling saga of love. Ele is of Japanese ancestory, and was born on the island of Maui in the Hawaiians. Lovely Ele graduated with honors from the University of Hawaii. She is also a registered nurse.

As for Walt, he's of Irish-Scottish-English-American Indian (Shawnee) ancestry. Fascinating! He is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of USC, and met his Ele when both worked at the Nuuana YMCA.

Do take advantage of their love and understanding of young adults, and let them lead you to a lovelier life. Address: TEEN LIFE, Grand Central Station, P.O. Box 3585, New York, N.Y. 10017

Q *I'm 17 and in love with a boy who is also 17. Since we both plan to go to college and become teachers, there's no chance for us to think of getting married for at least 6 years. So we have an understanding whereby we're both to date at least once "outside" for each date we have with each other.*

He seems to do okay at this, but I have a problem. When I'm with another boy, I'm not very good company because I'm thinking of him. And because I'm not an actress, it's pretty clear how I feel. So a boy only asks me out once, and that's it, and the supply of eligible boys is not endless. Any suggestions on how I can be better company?
Winona

Dear Winona: Somewhere at the back of your mind, I'll bet there's a thought that these "outside" lads are competition for Mr. Wonderful. Well, pluck out that idea. And look at the boys as individuals who might be friends if you let them. Try to find out what each boy is really interested in and where his goals differ from yours. Concentrate on widening your world, because the richer you become from these outings, the more you'll be able to give to your "special" date in the way of new ideas, etc.—ELE

* * *

Q *I'm going steady with a really wonderful boy. Before we met, he was going with another girl. She broke up with him because she wanted to date others. He started dating others, too, and she gave him no trouble.*

Then, when we started dating, she started calling him and did practically everything but ask for his ring back. He didn't want to date her anymore and explained this.

She moved away and we thought everything would be fine, but now he has gotten a letter from her saying she is moving back and that by the time she gets back she wants him to break things off with me, or she will start some ugly rumors. We like each other very much and don't want to break up. Do you have any suggestions—Audrey.

Dear Audrey: We hope your boyfriend still has his "ex's" incredible note. If she does return and starts launching rumors, the letter will be proof positive that the trouble is all in her sick little head.

We'd urge you both to talk with your parents at first hint of storm signals. If they know the plot in advance, they won't believe the untruths or be swayed by any claims this brat makes to unfair treatment

In all the time we've been doing DATELINE, we haven't heard of a situation that made us madder! But to make sure that none of her mud sticks, be ultra careful about your conduct. Then no one will have any suspicions to be fanned to flame.—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Walt: It's 4 a.m. and I'm still awake;*

the way I feel I don't know when I'll be able to sleep again.

Tonight I took out a girl I like a whole lot. This isn't our first date. We've been out five times before, and always had a lot of fun. But tonight was so boring it almost made me sick. We went to a movie and then ate and talked. I got so disgusted with her and myself and the whole thing, that I said, "Let's go home" early. And then didn't say anything the rest of the way home.

I don't know what's wrong. Things were great before. And now—nothing! Is it best to cut things off when you start having dull times together?
Brad

Dear Brad: You may be wonderful every waking moment, but I think most guys are not! Sometimes I feel like the life of the party. Other times problems of general personal dissatisfaction weigh me down. If a relationship has any meaning it should be able to survive a few dull evenings. If you have had 4 or 5 good evenings already, that is reason enough to make you hope for more. I'd talk things out frankly with the gal. "May, let's try for a little more variety in our dates; something more GO than SLOW!" Then try to get some alternatives to a movie date.

P.S. There's little action in a darkened theater, unless you're making out, and if you are, DON'T.—WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: I am a girl, 14½ years old, get good-to-medium grades, and earn my own money babysitting. This is my problem; my mother babies me! When we cross the street together, she takes my hand and holds it until we reach the sidewalk. In the stores she puts her arm around me. Even when we're watching TV at home she'll take my hand. If I tell her no (and believe me I have in a nice way) she becomes hurt and tells me that I don't love her anymore. I am the only one she has (my parents are divorced) and so I give in. But I can't stand much more!—Mama's Baby.*

Dear Baby: You're going to have to be wise beyond your years. Your mom is starved for affection and personal reassurance. That's why she clutches you at every opportunity.

So, instead of fighting it, give her closeness, but on your own terms. Instead of holding hands while crossing the street, offer her your arm. That way others will applaud your good manners in helping an older person, rather than snicker at your kiddy status.

Be tolerant of public affection as long as it's not too lavish, and respond to private affection with warmth. Your Mom needs you. Understand why, and you'll be able to meet those needs without threatening your own growth.—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Walt: I am very attracted by this girl in my school. She seems very nice, and I think she's noticed me favorably. I would pursue this acquaintanceship, but there's a problem. She's always accompanied by a girl named Mary. I find it very difficult to talk to the girl I like when Mary's around. Can you suggest a way to tactfully see one without the other?—Two's Company.*

Dear Two: If you try to split the two friends right now, you'll end up odd man out. So recruit a Buddy to square the triangle. He can joke with Mary, while you establish enough rapport with her friend to lead naturally to solo dates. You're right: two's company but you'll find "four's a ball."—WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: If a boy likes a girl who is a twin of another girl, must he give both a birthday gift, or can he send a present to just one? My finances are not so wonderful, so I hope the answer is "one's OK."—$5.*

Dear $5: If you know both of the girls, you should recognize both of them on their birthday. But a card will do for the one, while a gift says it for the other! Relieved?—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Some weeks back we printed the irate letter of an 8th grade girl who complained about the "dirty-minded" boys in her class. Well, one boy is suspicious!

Q *Dear Walt: I'm an 8th grade boy who thinks "Deeply Distressed" didn't tell everything. I bet some of the girls have figures that change every day, thanks to the department stores. And you can see why a girl this age would wear a long-sleeved, pullover sweater to school on a 90-degree day—or change into tight shorts after school! And when the teacher talks about reproduction, who giggles the loudest and passes the most notes? And who runs up to you and says, "I know something about you, but I can't tell you!" And there's lots more. Tell "Distressed" to just ask any boy at her school!—Knows It's True.*

Uh-uh, ladies. The guy's got a point. It seems you're doing a lot to cue the bad remarks and bad behavior. If you want to be treated like ladies, act the part!—WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: I go to an all girl's school. Recently we had a Drag-Stag Dance. I brought a guy that I had gone out with a few times, and I introduced him to my classmates (both those who had brought dates and those who didn't). Toward the middle of the evening, one of my girl friends came over with her girl friend and started talking, and talking and talking, leaving the other girl and myself out of the conversation. I was absolutely fuming!*

Now I want to know, whose responsibility was it to end the dialogue—him, me, or her—and how? By the way, she didn't give him much chance to talk.—Frustrated.

Dear Frustrated: It really wouldn't be very feasible for your date to give the "That's enough" word. He didn't know the girl, and he was in strange territory. Since she lost all track of time in the thrill of talking to your date, it was your job to say, "Kathy, the music's going to waste. Nice talking to you. I'll see you Monday." And then hit the dance floor, and surface later on the opposite side of the room from Monologue Molly. (But don't you feel just a bit of sadness for a girl who couldn't find a boy to invite herself, and then had to "borrow" yours?)—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Ele and Walt's column also appears in newspapers throughout the country, distributed by Bell McClure Syndicate.

BABIES ARE BIG BUSINESS

How to get in on the Lovely Loot!

Annette with her own real live doll, Gina Gilardi.

OF course Annette was nervous the first time she held her very own baby in her arms. Most new mothers are. But once she had gotten over the stark reality that she was really and truly a mother, she relaxed. "There's something about holding a baby," Annette said, "that is awesome. Even before I got married and had my own darling Gina, I remember the thrill I got at taking care of an infant. You may find it hard to believe," Annette's dark eyes sparkled, "but there were times during my teen years when I'd much rather babysit than go out on a date. It gave me a sense of responsibility, of trust. Besides, I was always crazy about babies."

Unlike most girls, Annette didn't have to charge for babysitting. She could afford to do it out of the goodness of her heart. Annette has been a prettty good wage-earner since her *Mouseketeer* days. But one thing she knew for certain, even as a little girl, and that was to make her dream come true—to be a wife and a mother.

It would be most unusual to find a girl who didn't share Annette's dream. But for now, you have other dreams . . . that dreamy dress that keeps beckoning to you as you pass the window of the Fashion Plate . . . that simply darling shoulder strap bag you've been drooling over ever since you saw it advertised for half price . . . that simply sensash corduroy suit you'd happily die to wear in the Easter parade . . . But why go on, you get the idea. It's things—lots of things—you want and, frankly, can't afford. But hold on . . . you CAN afford these superfeminine luxuries. YOU can go into business! Right away! But first . . .

You know it would be an awfully good idea to take a Red Cross Home Nursing course. Not only will this impress your clients-to-be, but you'll certainly learn a lot about what to do in just about every emergency; do it well, calmly. Of course this course isn't strictly necessary, but it will eventually increase your earnings as a babysitter.

The next step is to "case" your immediate neighborhood. Write a personal letter to parents with children. Tell them about yourself, your age, where you live, go to school, and why you would like to work for them. Naturally, include your phone number, and mention how much you look forward to working for them.

I can assure you you won't have long to wait before your phone starts buzzing and buzzing. Your sincere note made a marvelous impression.

Comes your first interview. Sure, your knees may ***(Please turn to page 49)***

INTIMATE QUIZ

Here's YOUR chance to HELP YOUR EDITORS make TEEN LIFE YOUR BEST COMPANION AND CONFIDANTE! How? By filling in the coupon below so we can REALLY FIND OUT the kind of magazine YOU want to read. And to show you how much I'd appreciate your help, I'll send a little "thank you" gift to the senders of the first 75 coupons received:

75 GIFTS!

1st 20 SENDERS will each receive an exquisite bottle of perfume!
2nd 15 SENDERS will each receive an exciting album!
3rd 20 SENDERS will each receive a photo personally autographed by the MONKEES!
4th 20 SENDERS will each receive a charm bracelet!

All you have to do to win a keepsake from TL is to answer each question as briefly as possible. You can't imagine how much your entry will mean to me.

With love and thanks, Bessie

The type of stories you prefer:

CHARM: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
BEAUTY: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
FICTION: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
SELF-IMPROVEMENT ARTICLES: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON LOVE: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON TEENAGE PROBLEMS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON CAREERS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
FASHIONS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
COMICS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ABOUT YOUR FAVE MOVIE, TV & RECORD STARS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON GOOD GROOMING: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON ETIQUETTE, MANNERS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON SHYNESS, LONELINESS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON BOYS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON PARTY TIPS: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON FUN, GAMES: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON GUIDE TO A HAPPIER TEEN LIFE: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
ARTICLES ON POISE AND POPULARITY: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____
WHY DID YOU BUY THIS ISSUE: COVER ☐ COVER LINES ☐ WHY: _____
WHAT KIND OF COVER ATTRACTS YOUR ATTENTION: _____
WILL YOU BUY NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF TL: YES ☐ NO ☐ WHY: _____

Address: TEEN LIFE
P.O. Box 3585
Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

YOUR NAME: _____ **AGE:** _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ **STATE:** _____ **ZIP:** _____

No entries can be returned. The decision of the judges is final.
This quiz closes April 15, 1967.

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

VOTE for the MOST HANDSOME DJ in the WORLD—1967!

Just think of it . . . YOUR vote can bring great happiness, fab prizes and fame for YOUR FAVE DJ! Join us in finding the MOST HANDSOME DJ in the WORLD! Be ABSOLUTELY SURE to fill in the coupon (below) so that YOUR DJ will get a chance to compete in this exciting once-in-a-lifetime contest!

1st PRIZE: *The MOST HANDSOME DJ in the WORLD will receive an ALL-EXPENSE WEEK-END FOR TWO in Hollywood, California, and be a guest at a leading hotel. The winner will also receive a beautiful gold engraved plaque!*

2nd PRIZE: *The 2nd RUNNER-UP will receive a HANDSOME SILVER ENGRAVED PLAQUE!*

3rd PRIZE: *The 3rd RUNNER-UP will receive a STUNNING BRONZE ENGRAVED PLAQUE!*

FINALISTS IN EACH RUN-OFF WILL RECEIVE A MAGNIFICENT SCROLL!

IT's HERE! IT'S NOW! IT'S HAPPENING! YOUR chance to help TEEN LIFE find the MOST HANDSOME DJ in the WORLD! He'll receive all the glory, the honor, the fame and the fun! This is YOUR chance to brag, to boast and to point with PRIDE to the DJ who fills your own life with so many hours of carefree musical happiness!

Do not despair if YOUR fave HANDSOME DJ is not shown on these pages 'cause this is just the spin-off. YOU can submit the name of your handsome idol. Send us his NAME, RADIO or TV STATION, ADDRESS and, if possible, include a biography and glossy photo. In the meantime, this contest will be a steady feature in TL until ALL the DJs YOU consider the MOST HANDSOME in the United States and Canada have appeared in these pages.

Now take a GOOD LOOK at these gorjus guys and VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE! YOUR vote becomes OFFICIAL only with this coupon.

DEXTER ALLEN

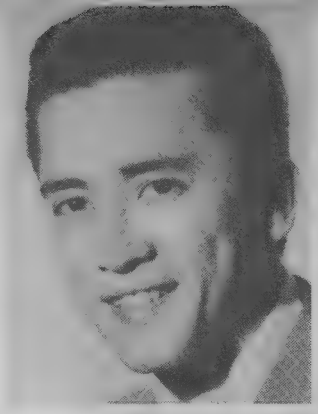
■ Judging by his not-to-be believed fan mail, handsome DEXTER ALLEN of KOL Radio, Seattle, Washington, must be one of the most popular guys in the area! Born in Ventura, California, on February 26, 1942, Dex went to school in Hollywood and became friends with many of today's top pop stars. Loves his work.

JOHNNY CANTON

■ JOHNNY CANTON has worked at radio stations throughout the States, but his many fans in Minneapolis, Minnesota are glad he's decided to stay with them at WDGY Radio. Blue-eyed and brown-haired, Johnny is 25, stands 6'2" and tips the scales at 190 lbs. Hobbies: theatre work. Is married with daughter.

BOBBY DALE

■ Tune into KFRC Radio, San Francisco, California any night between midnight and 6 am, and you'll hear the friendly voice of BOBBY DALE. Before going into radio ten years ago, Bobby worked at many jobs, one being a seaman on the Great Lakes. Rugged-looking Bobby hails from Minnesota—now loves Calif.



GEORGE GROVES

■ Over in Honolulu, Hawaii they have a name for gorgeous GEORGE GROVES — "Granny Goose". It was a nick name he had during his childhood—and it stuck! Still in his twenties, George swings out over KGMB Radio's airwaves between 3 pm and 7 pm every day and has a huge following. Digs surfing and hunting.

HIM

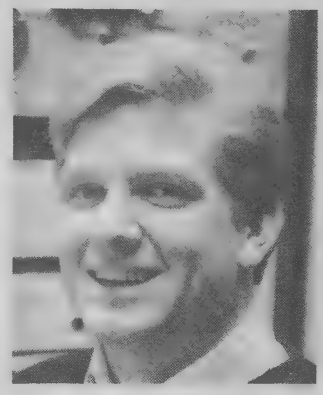
■ Yes—that's his name, and he's a Good Guy on KLEO Radio, Wichita, Kansas. Born 23 years ago, HIM'S got brown hair and blue eyes and is still a bachelor. Handsome Him's got a real swinging show, and his many fans say he's as "fab" off the air as he is on. A great lover of pop music, Him thinks Beatles are tops.

JOHNNY RABBITT

■ Now here's a real honey "bunny" DJ! His name is JOHNNY RABBIT and the station that blasts his swinging program is KXOK Radio, St. Louis, Missouri. A former television and film actor, Johnny can be heard 7 days a week between 7 pm and midnight. Johnny says his greatest joy in life is making people happy.

DENNIS SHREEFER

■ With his wowee looks, DENNIS SHREEFER should be in flicks! Dennis is the night man for WDBQ Radio, Dubuque, Iowa and his popular show is a combination of pop, classical and country and Western music. Six feet tall with brown hair and eyes, Dennis keeps in trim by weightlifting. Enjoys playing the piano.



RON WILSON

■ If you're ever in the vicinity of Lebanon, Oregon, turn your radio dial round to KGAL Radio and listen to the exciting sound of RON WILSON. Now 22, Ron's a native of California. He graduated from Palm Spring High School and went on to the University of Oregon. Now he's a hot fave in the area. And with his looks, no wonder!

Address: TEEN LIFE
P.O. Box 3585
Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Your Name:_____ Age:____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:____

Number the MOST HANDSOME DJ in the order of YOUR preference:

- ☐ DEXTER ALLEN
- ☐ HIM
- ☐ JOHNNY CANTON
- ☐ JOHNNY RABBITT
- ☐ BOBBY DALE
- ☐ DENNIS SHREEFER
- ☐ GEORGE GROVES
- ☐ RON WILSON

This part of the contest closes April 15th.

GARY'S SWINGIN' SCENE!

Gary Stevens takes time out to write for you—with help from the Wooleyburger.

HELLO on you all you culture lovers out there! Now if Wooleyburger will kindly return my typewriter ribbon, I'll get down to business . . . Thank you, Wooleyburger. Now will ya please get out of here with those dirty red and black paws!

Saw the ROLLING STONES recently. They flew into New York for a very short visit to do the ED SULLIVAN Show and I went down to the theater to say "Hello" again. Say, BRIAN JONES' hair is really getting long these days! And when I talked with him he was wearing some of those wayout clothes he's famous for. Did you like their disc, *Ruby Tuesday*? Must admit that when I heard it for the first time I didn't dig it too much, but after a few plays it began to grow on me. In a way the Stones are very like the BEATLES. You never know what they're going to come up with musically next.

Four of my favorite people are the FOUR TOPS. Apart from the fact that they make great discs, they are four of the nicest guys you could want to meet—and funny! I went along to famed New York night spot Basin Street East to catch one of their shows and, man, they really broke it up! Hope it won't be long before they're back in town again.

Also saw SAMMY DAVIS JR. when he played at the Copacabana. Friends, this guy is really out of sight and you should make a point of catching his act if he ever comes your way. He sang a selection of RAY CHARLES songs that were enough to pop your head! In fact he sounded more like Ray Charles than Ray Charles! Sammy's got to be one of the greatest entertainers in the world.

Was very pleased to hear that DUSTY SPRINGFIELD is returning to New York to play the Copacabana. As I've told you before, Dusty is one of my favorites. And a real nice girl as well.

It was nice of PAT BOONE to come up and say "Hello" to the Good Guys at WMCA when he was in town. Pat took over as host on the JOHNNY CARSON Show when Johnny was off on a week's vacation. And a great job he did too. Pat's another of those nice-to-know people and we were all very pleased when he went back on the charts with *Wish You Were Here.*

So the SPENCER DAVIS GROUP finally made it over here with *Gimme Some Lovin'*. And about time too! I was beginning to think that this talented outfit was never going to get the recognition it deserved. Sad to say, rumors are flying around that their lead singer, young STEVIE WINWOOD, is planning to quit the group and go solo. Which is a pity, because he IS the group. Only 19, he's a fantastic musician and plays guitar, organ, piano and drums. Not all at one time, of course!

Well, not long to go and good old spring will be back with us. And I can't wait. We had a pretty wicked winter here, and with all that rain, wind and snow, the Stevens lungs and voice took quite a beating! Anyway, it'll be nice to get out to the nice fresh air of New Jersey very soon, when I'll be going out to Palisades Amusement Park weekends to host teen shows there. I always enjoy visiting the park and so do the other Good Guys. Firstly, it gives me a chance to meet a lot of you personally, and I really like that. So if you see me out there, please come on over and say "Hi." Secondly, I love emceeing the great pop shows Park owner IRVING ROSENTHAL puts on every week. He gets some great groups out there and you can come along—for free! Last, but not least, I'm just mad about amusement parks and all the fun of the fair! Hope to see you out there.

Well, that's all for this month. See you next.

Gary's a big fan of the Four Tops. He says their show was really great.

Gary and Martha and the Vandellas having fun at a show.

CONTEST

GENE WANTS TO KNOW—

■ As you know, ELVIS PRESLEY is the #1 male recording star (in the solo division) in the entire world! GENE PITNEY runs a close #2 spot in ALL POPULARITY POLLS! "Elvis," Gene said, "deserves to be #1. I am grateful to be his running mate, so to speak," Gene smiled. Then, suddenly, the smile faded.

"It's funny," our young, talented and handsome singing idol mused, "that, even though I am #2 as a solo recording star on the popularity polls, sometimes my records don't hit the Top 10 in America, the land of my birth. I wish I knew why." Then Gene's marvelous eyes lit up. "Why don't we ask TEEN LIFE readers for the answers? My latest record, **Just One Smile**, sold 37,000 records from the moment it hit the record shops in Chicago. I wish I could say it did as well in other parts of the country. It didn't—yet!

"I would like to know WHY? Is it because teens prefer to buy group records over solo recordings? I wonder what kind of records teens are buying?"

Do answer this important question, in 25 words or less, and win one of his own personal prizes!

50 winners will each receive an ID BRACELET designed by Gene!

25 winners will each receive a copy of his latest album on the Musicor label!

5 winners will each receive a TRANSISTOR RADIO!

1 LUCKY WINNER will receive Gene's FAVORITE SWEATER!

Address: TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585
Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

NAME:_____ AGE:____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ STATE:_____ ZIP:____

What is your favorite type of record:

GROUP ☐ SOLO ARTIST ☐ WHY:_____

The decision of the judges is final. No entries can be returned.
Contest closes April 15, 1967.

A TL SCOOPADOO!

by HERMAN

In his own monthly column, our Herman spills the beans about his wild, wild life! Ha!

WELL, here we are—back for a moment in England. And people say to us, "It must be nice to be home." And of course it is. Because after we flew out from seeing you in January, we've been half way round the world, it seems. And here we are, home again. "Home?" What's home? Because, believe it or not, I'm homeless!

Oh, yes, I've got this great swinging flat in London. In the Royal Garden Hotel, overlooking Kensington Gardens ablaze now with daffodils, and kids sailing their boats in the Round Pond, and brown squirrels romping all over the statue of Peter Pan (because the author J. M. Barrie used to love these gardens)—and overlooking, too, the home of Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon. But it's not really what I mean by home.

You see, by the time we got back from this world tour, it was all planned for the folks and me to move into our new home on the island of Jersey. That's one of the Channel Islands, way out in the Atlantic just off the coast of France, with its own language and its own Parliament in spite of belonging to England, and the most wonderful scenery—and still just as near London by air as my original home in Manchester.

A beautiful house on the top of a cliff, with a view of the Atlantic as far as the eye can reach. And by the time I'd finished, it was really going to be a dream house. With a vast music room where I could have the hi-fi on loud as I liked with no neighbors to worry about, and my own private beach and . . . and . . . But it's still just a dream. Because *it stands on a cliff, and* because *the Atlantic rollers come crashing up to the cliffs, and* because *the insurance people are afraid that one day the cliff will give way and the house and Mum and Dad and me will go plunging into the sea. So* that's *out.*

Ah, well! We'll just have to start looking all over again. And in the meantime, this London pad of mine is getting fuller and fuller. Not just with people—all my mates who come bowling round to welcome us back as soon as they know our plane's touched down after another hectic tour—but with *things*. 'Cos I'm a great collector. I don't know about you, but I hate throwing things away. Newspapers, magazines, even old bills! It used to drive Mum mad. And it takes a real effort of will to make a clean sweep of it all—so that I can start all over again!

I used to be a mad keen stamp collector. I still am to an extent. But it takes time to stick 'em all in their albums, and time isn't what I've got very much of. Time at home, that is. So lately my collections have been mostly of bigger things. Like chess sets. I've got some of the most beautifully carved chess sets it's possible to imagine. From all over the world. Hong Kong, Switzerland, Japan, Spain . . . modern ones, antique ones, wood, ivory . . . and although I'll never be in the World Championship class as a player I just love the look and the feel of them.

Masks, too. Primitive masks on the walls. From India and Mexico and Africa (I got some great East African stuff while we were in Holland). And books. Books on comparative religion, which fascinates me. And, well, you can imagine why I need a house! Because otherwise I'll have to leave the flat to the Things, and get a separate flat for myself!

Mind you, just because we're the Hermits doesn't mean I spend all my

(Please turn to page 59)

Herman tells us about his new swinging pad in London. Right: with Gary Lewis before he went into the Service.

BABIES

continued from page 42

shake a little, but that's understandable. Take a deep breath and count to ten before you ring the bell; then put your best foot—and smile—forward.

Be businesslike; have a list of questions to ask your employer. For instance: how much does the job pay? How many hours are you expected to sit? Are you expected to feed the baby when it awakens from its nap? Would there be any objections if you used the phone for a brief call? How about the television? Or a spot of Coke?

Make absolutely certain that it is understood you will be accompanied home, to your very doorstep, if your job ends after dark. That's a MUST rule for babysitters.

Suggest to your employer that she introduce you to your charge before you start your first job. If you love children—and I strongly urge you not to become a babysitter if you don't dig them—you won't have any difficulty becoming friends on first sight.

It is of the utmost importance that your employer give you the address and phone number of where you can reach her in case of an emergency; also the name of the baby's doctor. This item is a MUST!

About inviting your friends to sit with you while you're babysitting. Some parents object because they feel you will overlook the baby. Don't bring the subject up until your client has had a chance to observe your sincerity, integrity and character. You won't become bored if you bring a book or your homework with you. Many babysitters discover that their grades have improved because they can concentrate on their homework while their little charge is asleep.

There are certain MUSTS every babysitter should remember. PUNCTUALITY, for one. Never be late; always, in fact, try to arrive at your job a little ahead of time so that you can receive instructions.

If a child is old enough for bedtime stories, never tell him one that will give him nightmares.

Make notes about the things you think your employer should know.

While you're at your place of business you can indulge in many interests that will improve your mind and your looks. You can take up knitting, for instance. Maybe knit that certain someone a sweater for his birthday, or a pair of socks.

Getting back to money. It's a good idea to insist that you be paid after each babysitting assignment. Keep an exact figure of your earnings, and watch those figures rise!

Babysitting is not only fun, but it will prepare you for that day when, like Annette Funicello Gilardi, you'll hold your own baby in your arms. And you won't panic when baby starts bawling, or does any of the unpredictable things babies have a habit of doing.

So just don't dream about those darling luxuries you'd love to buy, do something to earn them. There's lots of lovely loot in this babysitting business. ●

It's kind of fun to receive an UNbirthday gift . . . it's quite possible that YOU can receive a SURPRISE GIFT merely by filling in the INTIMATE QUIZ, page 43.

TEENS TAKE OVER

This is truly YOUR page, so fill it with YOUR own stories, interviews, 'n art work. *Mail to: TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017*

I FELL IN LOVE WITH HERMAN

by MONA D'AMOURS, aged 17

NO—I'm not Herman's girl friend. But, like so many other girls, I wish I were. After being with him for little over half an hour, I discovered another side to him. A side that no one ever sees. Let me explain . . .

You're perhaps wondering how I ever met Herman. Well, I won a contest sponsored by CHUM Radio in Toronto, and my prize was to meet Herman and his Hermits backstage at the Maple Leaf Stadium before they did a show there.

Their dressing room was dark and the boys all looked exhausted. Karl was sitting on an old wardrobe trunk tuning his guitar, just gazing blankly at everyone and anything. Keith was sitting on a bench and Barry and Lek were walking around aimlessly. All of a sudden Herman burst into the middle of the room and, with a big smile on his face, exclaimed in a real English accent: "Hello luvs, ya all come to see me?" He introduced me to all the Hermits and then agreed to pose with them for a photograph. They smiled for me, "klick" went my camera—but the flash wouldn't work! I tried again—but this time the shutter jammed! Was I ever burned up! The boys started laughing because I look so funny when I'm angry! But third time proved lucky and everyone cheered.

After I put down my camera, I noticed that Herman had disappeared. I noticed an open door at the end of the room and decided to investigate. And there was Herman—all alone. The room was very quiet and as Herman was putting on his white jacket I could see a faint shadow of loneliness in his gorgeous blue eyes. We started talking to each other, but what amazes me is that I don't remember what we were talking about! I guess I was too excited. I asked him if he would have a photograph taken with me and my young sister Lissa who had also come along. "Sure, glad to," he smiled. And thank goodness, the camera worked without any trouble! All too soon the meeting was over and we had to leave as the group had to change for their performance. I told Herman how pleased I was to meet him, and like old friends we shook hands and departed. No, I didn't kiss him, but I must have held his hand for a full thirty seconds. That was better than a quick kiss, don't you think?

Ten minutes later the boys were on stage and the screaming and girls fainting started. I was sitting directly in front of the stage and knew it would be useless waving to Herman as everyone else around me was waving. So I tried something different. I moved my fingers quickly, one after the other, on my left hand, and then gave him a little salute. Herman looked straight at me, smiled and did the same while he was romantically singing, **Can't You Hear My Heart Beat.** I knew then that he'd really seen me. I wondered if he liked me—just a little.

That night I came home and cried. Yes, I had fallen in love with Herman—with his irresistible personality and his gorgeous big blue eyes. The day we met was the happiest day in my life, but it was also very sad, because I knew deep down that this short, but long-lived love had come to an end for I would probably never see again the one I truly love . . .

DIALING THE DJ's with TJ

Tell it to TJ if you want to brag about your fave DJ. Send notes, Fan Club 'n' pix . . .

FAN CLUBS CALLING: The MARK MATHEW fan club is really working overtime these days on behalf of their fave DJ, Mark, who is top man on WGEM RADIO, Quincy, Illinois. They wrote and told me that Mark began his career as a guest DJ on WLS RADIO, Chicago, while he was still in high school. After high school he journeyed to Indiana where he worked for several months for WISU-FM RADIO then WTHI RADIO. After just a year in Quincy, Mark has the number 1 rating for the entire tri-state area. His show is called *WGEM TEENTIME* and as the title suggests is a program specially for teens. And they love him! Twenty years old, and married, Mark loves flying and water skiing and I hear he plays drums like a pro. To join the Mark Mathew club, write to him at WGEM Radio, Quincy, Ill. 62301.

COUNTRY & WESTERNER: *That's JOE COGGANS who swings out on WORC RADIO, Worcester, Mass. with his own Country and Western Show. Joe, who is 24, weighs 145 lbs. and stands 5'8", is married and has a sweet daughter called KIM. He drives around in a Dodge Dart V8 and has a big ambition to own a motor cycle! Anyone interested in joining the Joe Coggans fan club should write to JOYCE ADAMS, 260 Speen Street, Natick, Mass. 01760.*

MORNING MAN: BRAD MELTON of WCLU RADIO, Cincinnatti, Ohio is the station's morning man, and listeners love his warm and friendly deep voice. Born in Dallas, Texas, Brad went to Texas A and M College, and before going into radio was an actor, worked on television and was an instructor for a dance studio. Brad says he likes all kinds of sports and owns two horses which he shows in roping and cutting events at rodeos. To join Brad's fan club write to BARBARA NELSON, 149 Turfngy, Apt. 2, Florence, Ky.

POPULAR POZER: According to fan club secretary PAT GUTHRIE, JOHN POZER of CJET RADIO, Ottawa, Ontario, is the greatest. John has been at CJET for nearly a year now and

T.J. with Jerry "Cranberry" Gilroy of WPTS Radio. Below: Larry (WBAB) Miller of Babylon.

Brad Melton of WCLU Radio, Cincinnatti is a hot fave in Ohio.

Mark (WGEM) Mathew is Knight of the Turntables in Quincy, Ill.

has gained a huge following with his 4 pm to 7 pm show. John has a fantastic project in the works to help celebrate Canada's centennial year—1967. He says he's planning to form a record company called *Sir John A Records* which certainly won't be an ordinary one! It'll produce discs with square labels and a centennial symbol on each one! To join John's fan club, write to Pat Guthrie, 518 Thessaly Circle, Ottawa, Ontario.

TL CAMERA ON THE ROAD: *Yours truly stopped into WPTS RADIO in Pittston, Pa. and had a wonderful time meeting JERRY "CRANBERRY" GILROY. Jerry swings out over the 1540 spot on your dial with* Western Jamboree *from 10 am till noon Monday thru Friday. He's on the air again from 2 pm till 4 pm during the week and has another show on Sunday afternoons. Jerry, who's become a household name in the area, has been at WPTS for nine years and is a real nice guy.*

LARRY AND MICKEY: Morning Madness. That'll give you an idea of the kind of show put on each morning by LARRY MILLER and MICKEY HALE who host the number 1 show on WBAB RADIO, Babylon, New York. Both are 24 years of age and both graduated at Queens College, New York, where they first met. Larry is also an engineer at WOR-FM RADIO, N.Y.C. You can catch them both on WBAB between 6 am and 10 am Monday thru Saturday at 1440 on your dial. To join their fan club write to Larry and Mickey at WBAB Radio, Babylon, N.Y.

Joe Coggans swings out on WORC Radio in Worcester.

John (CJET) Pozer is Teen Delight in Ottawa, Ontario.

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Box 484, East Orange, N. J. 07017

☐ Enclosed is $1.98 plus 25c handling for one Glamour Kit.

☐ Enclosed is $3.96 plus 50c handling for two Glamour Kits.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....Zip .....

GARY LEWIS

continued from page 23

We sat together in the car, on the dark street in front of Jinky's house, telling each other all the little things it suddenly became important to share now that we'd be apart. We promised to write each other often, very often . . .

I'd better try and get at least a few hours sleep now or I'll be a basket case tomorrow. And wouldn't that be a heck of an impression to make the first day!

WEDNESDAY. DEC. 28 (just before "Lights Out")—Whew! What a day! You talk about tension! The main thing, I think, bothering me was some worry that the other guys wouldn't accept me too freely because of who I am. But I suppose that with my being so much of a homebody and coming from a very close-knit family and having that kind of upbringing, it made it easier for me to talk with the other boys and know the same feelings they were feeling. And before long I was just one of the guys.

Maybe, too, it's because, even though Pop and I are performers in the public eye, at home we're just husband and son to Mom and we sure can't pull rank on her. She rules the roost. So our family is basically just like most other families.

Anyway, I think that's why I was able to make a lot of friends on the bus coming up here to Fort Ord. And what a relief that was!

Today we got the first of our shots—three of 'em. And I don't have to tell you what that's like. And we got our GI haircuts. While they were cutting my hair, I couldn't help thinking of all the girls who have been writing me for a lock of my hair. I'm sure that the Army couldn't care less about that. I know that burly all-business GI barber with the razor in his hand didn't! He took so much off I may just catch cold the first week here from lack of hair. And from the weather. Boy, is it cold up here. And damp. Fort Ord is right near Monterey, California, you know, and it has that damp chill you feel so close to the ocean.

I wonder what the rest of the Playboys are doing right about now? Just last week we recorded six tunes and on my first furlough we plan to finish up a new album. By then I think the company will have released my new single, *The Loser.*

But I certainly don't feel like any loser. I'm still terribly proud over being named the Number One Male Vocalist of 1966 by Cash Box Magazine and I thank them with all my heart for giving me such a wonderful going-away present.

No, I'm anything but a loser. With that great family of mine, how could I be anything but a winner? You know, Mom and Dad are just like I imagine the folks of every other guy here at the base were when their sons got on that Army-bound bus. They were very reluctant to give me up. But you should have seen how very proud they were when I was sworn in. And so was I.

Proud! That word has been very prominent in my life these past few days. It was the theme of the advice Mom and Dad gave me just before I left, what they asked me always to remember and what I think is important enough to pass along to other young fellows in my position.

They said, "Son, be proud to serve your country, to help keep this a free world for our children to grow up in."

I'm going to try my best. ●

JERRY LEWIS CONDUCTS— NUTNIKS

IF you sneak up on JERRY LEWIS between scenes of *Way Way Out*, you'll find him doubled over . . . from laffing at your NUTNIKS. You know, of course TL will pay you $2.00 for every NUTNIK published. So send in your funnies to our Nutnik editor, c/o TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

WANNA titter? Then read these three funnies sent in by ELIZABETH APOLINAR of San Antonio, Texas:

Mom: *Mary, have you given the goldfish fresh water today?*
Mary: *No. They haven't finished the water I gave them yesterday.*

* * *

Miss Reed: *Is is true, Andy, that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?*
Andy: *Yes, Miss Reed. When lightning strikes once the same place isn't there anymore.*

* * *

Tailor: *Would you like to try on that suit in the window?*
Customer: *If it's all the same to you, I'd rather try it on in a dressing room.*

* * *

I dug this cutie from JOHN PACE, Roseville, Michigan:

A long-haired teenager walked into a barber's shop and sat down in a waiting chair. Each time his turn came he let someone else go ahead of him. After two hours the barber finally said: "You might as well get it cut now."
The boy replied: "I'm not waiting for a haircut. I'm hiding from my father, and this is the last place he'd look for me!"

* * *

REGINA HOLDEN of Staten Island, New York, wins $4.00 for her two jokes:

Peter: *The people who moved next door must be very poor.*
Joan: *What makes you say that?*
Peter: *Well, they made a terrible fuss when their baby swallowed a penny!*

* * *

A policeman ran up to a lady who was lying down in the gutter and asked: *"Are you hurt madam?"* "Oh, no," she replied, *"I'm just saving my husband a parking space."*

* * *

Had a good laugh at this one from DEBBIE MAIER of Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin:

Ken: *It's nice to be back from my vacation. It rained all the time.*
Joey: *It couldn't have been too bad. That's a nice tan you have.*
Ken: *That's not tan—it's rust!*

* * *

Thanks KATHY BRONK of Newburgh, New York, for these two Nutniks:

Father: *Do you like your new piggy bank, dear?*
Little Daughter: *I like it fine, but show me how it works.*

* * *

Son: *Mother, everytime I drink this hot chocolate I get poked in the eye.*
Mother: *Well, maybe if you take the spoon out it will help.*

* * *

Loved these two cuties from CAROL SOMMA, Tarzana, California:

Henry (at a soprano recital): *Mom, why is that man in the orchestra shaking his stick at that lady on the stage?*
Mom: *Shush! He's not shaking his stick at her!*
Henry: *Then why is she hollering?*

* * *

Little Girl (pointing to the weight scale in the bathroom): *What's that for?*
Other Little Girl: *I don't know. All I know is that when you stand on it, it makes you very mad.*

* * *

From LINDA FERNANDES of Braintree, Mass. comes this joke:

Beatnik to Farmer: *Like wow man, did you see the big ape that fell off the back of that truck?*
Farmer: *Not till now. Did you hurt yourself?*

MELODY

continued from page 13

and doesn't like to spend too many evenings alone curled up with a good book, or to sit glued to the TV set. She wants what most teenagers want: a little variety and excitement in her dating life.

Born in Los Angeles, California on April 16, 1949, Melody won her first beauty contest when she was 15 months old. It wasn't until much later that her mother, Rosemary, confessed: "Maybe she wasn't the prettiest, but she sure was the hamiest. As soon as she heard the music, she tried to sing, and waved to all the nice people."

Show business was in Melody's blood. Her mother was a contract dancer at Warner Bros. in 1942-1943, the same studio to which Melody is now under contract. It is on the Warner's Burbank lot that *F Troop* is filmed for ABC-TV.

At 5, Melody appeared in her first stage play, *Mrs. McThing,* and at 7 received rave reviews for her work in *The Bad Seed.* By the time Melody was 9 she had become a professional iceskater. As if that wasn't enough for one little blonde, blue-eyed slip of a girl, she modeled while a student at Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

"I wouldn't miss the chance of helping to arrange church socials. I don't think going to church makes me a square. Once when a boy invited me on a date on a certain night, I told him I'd be glad to go—provided, that is, he took me to our church social. I could imagine his expression on the other side of the phone, and had a hard time suppressing a giggle. I think he must have been horrified by the way he hemed and hawed and finally, his voice almost a whimper, he said goodbye, promising to call again. He never did. You can be sure I would have turned down a date with him had he had the courage to call me again.

"Incidentally, at this particular church social I met a darling boy whom I still see. We go bowling and skiing and horseback riding together.

"But getting back to the question of popularity," Melody said, "I think one of the quickest ways to lose a boy is to cheat. That's rather unfair. When I say cheat I mean to tell a boy you have a headache or something, then go home and arrange another date for that night.

"And, oh, yes . . . boys loathe girls who are catty about other girls. The fine young man will rise to the defense of the girl who has been attacked. At any rate, you can be sure he'll never call the catty girl again.

"Do you know what I really think is the secret of popularity? Because the answer is so terribly simple I think it is overlooked. I think every girl should cultivate the art of entertaining in her own home. She can turn the most casual evening into a gay party. All it takes is fixing a few sandwiches—you know, liverwurst, bologna, egg salad, cheese and such—together with the usual nuts, potato chips and Cokes. Boys love these fun foods. You can take turns with your girl friends at playing hostess.

"When my friends come to my home we spend the evening singing up a storm, with or without the record player. Or we'll improvise a movie we've all seen; then watch the laughs.

"And that brings me to boys and money. Few teenagers have money to spend on dining out. Some girls consider a boy a nothing if he can't take her to a movie and a restaurant after the show. If a boy is forced to spend his entire week's allowance on one date, he'll think twice about calling again.

"Another thing a boy usually can see through—even though he's too gentlemanly to say so—is the girl who puts on an act. She's really not impressing him with her popularity; she's only turning him against her. A girl who brags is a bore. Another bore is the girl who raises her voice to attract attention. It also embarrasses the boy beyond belief. This goes ditto for the girl who acts silly and giggly. You can excuse this in the very young, but when a girl is old enough to date she should be old enough to act in a ladylike manner.

"Then there's the girl who thinks it is oh, such a sign of sophistication to use slang and tell off-color jokes. Horrible! Believe me, it is the girl with the modulated voice, the quietly charming sense of humor, and the girl who dresses becomingly who attracts a boy.

"I don't have the recipe for popularity, really. But we all can learn something from our mistakes. Mine was, as I mentioned earlier, trying to look like somebody other than my true self.

"If there's something about yourself you don't like, why not change it, whether it's a more becoming hairdo, or losing those five pesky pounds. Every little self-improvement kick brings you one step nearer to your goal—popularity. Don't you think I'm right?" ●

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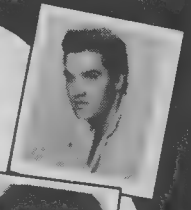

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TEEN LIFE CLUB NEWS

Dear Joni:

IT happened! I can hardly believe it! I belong to TLC, and it's like a dream come true. Peggy Swenson, one of the most popular girls in our school, had organized a TLC Chapter. Frankly, I never thought she'd invite me to join, but she did and it turned out to be the turning point of my life! What amazes me is that all it cost me was $1.00 for my TLC Membership. What a bargain! And what a lovely packet I received only 5 days after I had filled in my enrollment coupon.

I don't think there's a more wonderful experience in the world than to be accepted, to have real friends.

As Secretary of our Chapter (we call ourselves the HIGH HOPES), it's my duty to send you a report of our activities.

Last Friday night we put on our own Fashion Show. I know the idea isn't original, but it was the first time it had ever been done in our little town. We made the clothes we modeled. Every stitch! What's more, we charged a 50c admission. We held the show in our school auditorium, and 322 teens and their mothers attended! We haven't as yet decided what we'll do with the money, but no doubt a certain percentage will be contributed to charity.

Even though High Hopes is an all-girl club, we put our boy friends to work making posters which some local shops were good enough to display in their windows. After the Show, which brought down the house, we had a party for the boys who helped us. The only heartbreaking thing about the evening is that none of the pix we took of the show came out! Isn't that awful? In the excitement, Charlie (in charge of the camera), overexposed the film. Everything else was beautiful.

Dena Foster, Phoenix, Ariz.

Joni James, International President, TLC.

CHARM ROUTEENS

continued from page 33

on glamor. That can wait. You're an individual and an individualist, not a copy cat. Make the most of what God has given you, and don't complain that he's given you too much or too little. If it's too much—like overweight—you can "wash it away" with the proper diet and exercise. If it's too little—like being on the skinny side—you can build it up with food and, believe it or not, the PROPER exercise. And while you're building, build up your ego. I would say that's one of the most important first steps in acquiring charm.

There are other "bread and butter" steps you can take. Let's remind you of the most obvious: CLEANLINESS! Yes, as simple as stepping into a bathtub—everyday. Look clean, smell clean. That's what I call good grooming. Good grooming is a matter of forming good habits. You must have, above all else, a desire to be charming, attractive; just wishing won't make it so. It takes concentrating on this objective.

Think of yourself as a "scrub woman." Get yourself a fine mild soap, a sturdy complexion brush, a long-handled one for your back, and plenty of warm water. Of course a washcloth will do if you cannot afford a brush. Use it vigorously. Always remember that cleanliness is a vital charm routine.

To give you that extra-special touch of femininity, luxuriate in a bubble-scented tub. Delicious.

When you step out of the tub, don't be afraid to give yourself an invigorating rubdown with a turkish towel. That's the part that will make you feel alive and alert.

And now for that complexion you're having fits about. You can scrub your way to a beautiful skin via a clean-up campaign. Before you attack your skin with plenty of soap and water and a complexion brush, why not attack from the inside first, though. Meaning, what you put into your stomach. If it's too many sweets or fried foods or soft drinks, skip 'em as of this minute. All the skin pampering and lotions in the world won't banish your pimples if you continue to gorge yourself with the foods that pimples thrive on.

Now . . . lather your face well with a soap your druggist can recommend for teenage skin. With your brush, gently and with quick circular motions, cover every part of your face. Rinse the soap away in clear, warm water, and follow it with COLD water. Pat—and I mean pat—your face dry.

There are ever so many fine products on the market for the too-dry or too-oily skin. It is a good idea to apply the one for your particular problem after your face is thoroughly clean, and *not before.*

Never—but never—medicate your skin before it shines with cleanliness. And that goes for piling makeup on stale makeup. What a breeding place for hickies this builds up! Doesn't the thought make you shudder!

Okay, you've got the cleanliness routine down pat. Make this a habit. No cheating, please. And no cheating on the things you put over that nice clean body . . . like a dress or skirt that needs pressing; and, even worse, clothes that need cleaning. Shoes that are rundown at the heels can spoil any gorgeous outfit. Need I remind you of those 100 strokes of your tresses! Brushing does wonderful things to bringing those highlights to even mousey colored hair.

I will not pretend this is all there is to the business of being charming. There's ever so much more, but these CHARM ROUTEENS are a fine beginning. You're on the way toward a lovelier you. ●

PAUL PETERSEN

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6-pak cartoon of beer. Did we ever feel manly. We thought by drinking beer on the sly it would indicate to our parents that we were thoroughly grown; that we should not be subject to rules and regulations and curfews. We were, now that I look back at it, mildly rebelling against authority. And, to be further truthful, we also wanted to find out what this drinking was all about.

Anyway, we finished the 6-pak and try as I did with all my might not to let my pals know that I felt rocky and that my head was reeling, I couldn't. I felt that stupid grin freeze on my face. Finally, I managed to get home under my own steam, and make it into the house.

I want to stress the fact that I had only had one bottle of beer, but what it did to me!

I thought I could get to my room without my mother seeing me. No such luck. She greeted me with her usual hug. I held my breath. But obviously the smell of beer must have poured out of every pore. Mom didn't say a word to me. What a relief! I thought I had had her fooled!

The following day (it was a Saturday), my pop called me into the living room. I wasn't in any condition to run any errands or anything. I was suffering from guilt pangs. I knew I had done wrong by drinking beer at fourteen, and promised myself that I would never do it again—that is, until I was older.

Well, my pop was really a cheerful earful that morning. "How you feeling, son?" he asked with an ear-to-ear grin. "Fine, pop," I lied. "Good!" he said. And as he made small talk, he took two large —and I mean LARGE tumblers from the liquor cabinet. My eyes popped as I watched him fill both glasses to the brim. I remember my eyes focussed on the word Bourbon and, frankly, wondered what it was. I was soon to find out! It was the burningest, rawest, vilest, most terrible thing I had ever swallowed.

I took one gulp and felt part of me go numb, the other part of me burst into flame from somewhere deep inside me. I put the glass down. "Come on, son," pop said, "drink up!" I told him I wasn't thirsty. "It'll put hair on your chest," he smiled. Pop was taunting me to finish that hard liquor. I did. And that's all I remember. I passed out cold. And when I came too I remember being violently ill. I was sure I was dying. No such luck. I had a lot of suffering to do before merciful oblivion.

And that's the way my pop, without one word of preaching, cured me of drinking, of sneaking off with the guys to share a 6-pak of beer.

I wish that I could say that, from that day forward, I never took another drink.

What I can say is that I didn't touch the "stuff" for years after that; not a drop. But I remember one particular party at which a lot of top stars, important columnists and studio heads were at. Somebody put a drink in my hand. I took it. And held on and on without once putting the glass to my lips. I still have that picture to remind me about my struggle to pretend I was drinking, pretend that I was worldly and super-sophisticated.

I've seen too many kids who bragged that they could hold their liquor; that drinking wouldn't become a habit, and I've seen those same kids become impossibly addicted to alcohol.

Since those of you who are reading this story—my confessions, really—grew up with me, thanks to my years as *Jeff Stone* on the *Donna Reed Show*, I feel as though I can talk to you friend to friend. I want to tell you that, no matter how strong you *think* you are, taking that first drink inevitably leads to another and then another. So what if the gang thinks you're chicken or square, let them! Why not wait to take that first drink until you're twenty-one! You'll be glad you did. It will save you a lot of heartaches and headaches. Few teenagers can handle liquor. I don't know any, personally.

Aside from the throwing up bit, some kids get mean after a drink or two; some get maudlin and bawl like a baby; some get daring and think they can lick the world; some get downright abusive and become lawless. But why go on . . . you can avoid these things by NOT drinking!

As for that FIRST PUFF . . . here again, these are strictly my own personal confessions. I'm trying to break the habit. Believe me, it isn't easy. Again, it was with the guys that I took my first puff. I wish I could say it was my last. Frankly, I'm afraid of lung cancer. I read everything I can about cigarettes and the damage it does to one's health . . . and I vow that one of these days I'm going to give up smoking. I admit I'm hooked on the habit, but, as true as God made little apples, it's true that I'm going to give up smoking.

After I finish this assignment, I'm heading for a 50,000 mile tour in behalf of The March of Dimes. I'm the National Chairman of the Teenage Division of The March of Dimes and Birth Defects. I will travel 50,000 miles within the period of one month to help raise funds for Birth Defects. Every day and night I will speak before huge audiences, explaining the drama and tragedy behind victims of birth defects, and our desperate need for every penny, nickel, dime, quarter and dollar YOU can spare.

Every teenager should be vitally interested in birth defects because they are the parents of tomorrow. I didn't mean to digress, but to try to explain to myself why I find it difficult to give up smoking. On this grinding tour, for instance, I'll be on a virtual 24-hour a day schedule of speeches, packing, unpacking and running for planes, trains and buses. It will be thoroughly exhausting but thoroughly exciting and inspiring; it will mean dropping off to sleep with my clothes on for a fast two hours. And I'm hoping I'll just be too pooped and too busy to find time for even one puff between lectures.

So take the hint, kids, don't do what I foolishly did by taking that first puff; keep putting it off until you've reached a ripe old age of, say, 102.

Paul's not to be missed in Walt Disney's* The Happiest Millionaire. *He's now recording on the Motown label. ●

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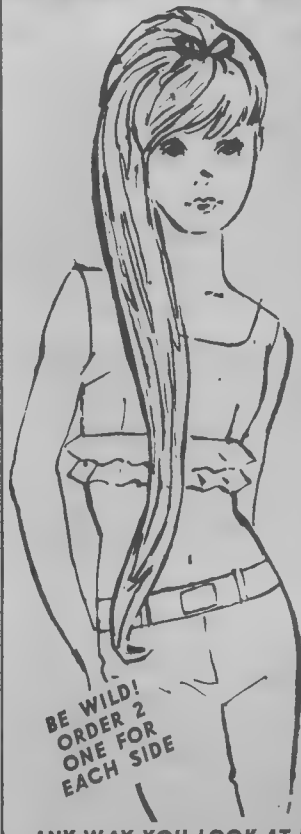

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ELVIS

continued from page 27

am told I can get it by reading. That's what I'm doing," he told me.

Today Elvis is well-informed on history, autobiographies, travel, scientific development and current events to a point where he can carry on a remarkable and intelligent conversation with any college graduate. And with more know-how in many areas.

Elvis also leased a home in Palm Springs recently. He always selects big homes because the twelve boys are always with him. Priscilla Beaulieu is a frequent visitor, but during his last film she did not once visit Elvis on the set. Even at the usual closing set party, to which she has accompanied him for the past four pictures, she was conspicuous by her absence.

Elvis, it has been noted, has lost a tremendous amount of weight which makes him look more like a teenager than a man of 31 years. "If there is anything wrong with me, I'll change it," Elvis told me. "If there is anything I have to do for my career to be good or to improve, I'll do it!"

Some critics had noted that Elvis looked "moon-faced" in one of his recent films. On reading that, Elvis went on a strict calorie count diet. In *Double Trouble* his new MGM film, it is quite noticeable. This picture also marks a change of pace for Elvis. He plays an off-beat mystery guy with the setting in Europe. He has a chance to act. Elvis said: "I hope this will lead to different kinds of pictures. I'd like to do something dramatic which calls for serious acting." But with the song and dance and today's youth, the millions continue to jingle happily at the box office, and that's what the producer wants.

"I know there has been a lot of talk about me selling Graceland," Elvis said. "But that isn't so. I have been building a new big playroom onto Graceland. Most of the boys are married now and some of them have kids. So our Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter holidays at Graceland has increased to the point we needed more room." Graceland already had 19 rooms but it is growing, as Elvis says.

While everyone seems to think Elvis is secretly married to Priscilla, Elvis said, "I am not married. I have no marriage plans at present." That is as far as he will say.

Elvis' continuing popularity still mystifies the entertainment world. He stays on top but he never goes out of his way to meet anyone. He never grants interviews.

When the Lord Mayor of London arrived in Hollywood a large party was held by the British Consul in his Lordship's honor. Elvis has been topping British polls for years, and the Lord Mayor requested especially that Elvis be invited. As usual, Elvis did not accept the invitation. His standard reply is that if he accepts one invitation then he must accept all. The Lord Mayor of London came to Elvis to visit him on the set.

I asked Elvis how he feels about being a great star in Hollywood. He smiled modestly, "I'm not a great star in motion pictures. Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, people like them are great stars. They have sustained themselves as stars through the years. They are lasting, real stars. I hope to become a star of that magnitude—and be known as a good actor. I have the confidence now and the determination," Elvis said. "I stick to anything I try until I do it. I hope someday to be a real star."

There are those close to Elvis who say he is a happy fellow caught in a trap. A million-dollar trap to be sure—but a trap that holds him as a living legend—a role that he must play all of his life to keep his image. Elvis has found a way, however, out of this dilemma.

Elvis grins when you ask, but today he dons wigs and whispers and all kinds of disguises, so he can go about and see things, see people, see stores, be a person, be people. This longing to be a human being like everyone else, and being so restricted by "his image" makes him moody, and at times, understandably, morose. Today, with this new freedom, he is happy . . . happily free to be free, when he chooses to be free. Elvis has experimented with all kinds of makeup and costuming and it has paid off.

Who knows but that man may be Elvis walking by you—even talking to you in the new dialect he has so carefully learned and rehearsed. And he's enjoying it.

So far no one, not anyone, has discovered his disguises. So we won't spill the beans on Elvis. Let him be free—stay free! ●

GOING STEADY

continued from page 17

don't regret one minute of it," Sally sighed.

It isn't often that teens remain good friends after servering their steadyship. Someone usually gets deeply hurt, becomes embittered. One of the saddest sights is a girl begging a boy not to break off. It tears your heart out to see her pleading for his affection. Obviously, he's had it. He is bored, tired of being hounded, possessed. He looks at the other guys playing the field, having a ball, and he wants a refreshing taste of freedom too.

"Man," Tom was heard to say in the school cafeteria, "it sure is a relief to be a free man again. No more of this steady bit for me. It's a drag."

Sitting off in a corner, trying to swallow her lunch over the lump in her throat, was Mary, the girl who had just been given the "air" by Tom. She's a mess. Looks it and feels it. She's wearing her heartache for all to see. It isn't a pretty sight. Even Angie, her best girl friend, sympathetic though she is, has moved to another table in the cafeteria to be with a more cheerful crowd. After all, how much weeping and wailing can you take during lunch period. It's the time for letting off steam, for shedding classroom cares for a precious 45 minutes. Besides, it is impossible to enjoy your food when your best friend is slopping over with self-pity.

The thing that happened between Mary and Tom is an old story, almost as old as time itself. Tom, when he recovered from his short-lived infatuation, frankly found that he wasn't ready for a steady. But not Mary. She claimed she would love him till the day she died.

Tom, though at first he was flattered by Mary's attention, all too soon came

to resent her possessive attitude. What a "do" she would make when she saw him walking from history to chemistry with Janie. The thing that grabbed Mary was the way "my Tommy" smiled down into Janie's eyes.

What Mary didn't know about herself is that she definitely wasn't ready for a steady. The fact that she practically turned green—and we do mean with jealousy—because Tommy talked to another girl, should have been her first warning that she wasn't mature enough to handle competition. More important, she didn't think enough of herself to feel secure.

Once Tom recovered from his initial excitement, he got a bit fed up the way Mary clung to him in front of the other kids. He became downright embarrassed and, kind at first, would try to disentangle himself from her clutch. Why, he thought to himself, must she always hold my hand?

It is hard to explain why girls are more anxious to go steady—even when they're not ready—than boys. For some reason a girl gets that settled feeling before a boy does. But what she doesn't realize about herself is that her emotions are changing at a fast pace, but her mental growth isn't keeping up at the same rate. It is hard to convince her that a boy is also changing: his ideas, his thinking and his emotions. What he liked yesterday bores him stiff today. It's one of the cruel facts of life that a girl must face if she wants to hold his interest—and her self-respect.

Sure going steady can be fun, but somehow, and it comes on ever so gradually, he gets tired; perhaps it's because you're the same as you were yesterday, and the day before and the day before that. The same old giggle, the same old probing into his most private thoughts, the same, same, same . . . To him, you've become the gruesome twosome.

He probably would still be sighing over you if you had given him that "let's be friends" routine. When a girl notices that a boy is slipping—and ten times out of ten a girl *does know,* she should beat him to the punch; put a little zip and, yes, mystery into their relationship. Put on an act. Why not? It's much better than wearing your heart on your sleeve.

If Mary had been my best friend I would have told her how to handle her reluctant Romeo. First, I would tell him: "Tommy dear, I'm fond of you—ever so—but don't you think we should date others?" That little line, dropped at a moment when you felt his restlessness, would have jolted him out of his seat. He would have felt as though he was boring you instead of the other way around. Know the next step? Tommy would have knocked himself out to win Mary's attention. Oh, it's a sort of schemie thing to do, but it's better than making a doormat of yourself.

Before Mary's stunned eyes, Tommy would be pleading with her not to date other boys. Naturally, his manhood—or ego—has been injured, but it's all part of the steady dating game. And the wonderful part of your line is that you just might discover that dating others is exactly what's good for both of you.

And now for the truth of the matter. If a girl has to resort to trickery to hold a boy, then she's not ready for a steady. And if he's had it with the steady bit, why not let him wander. If you're the girl for him, he'll come back; if he doesn't, you've learned yourself a wonderful lesson. Never plead with a boy to go steady simply because you happen to find it more secure than playing the field. ●

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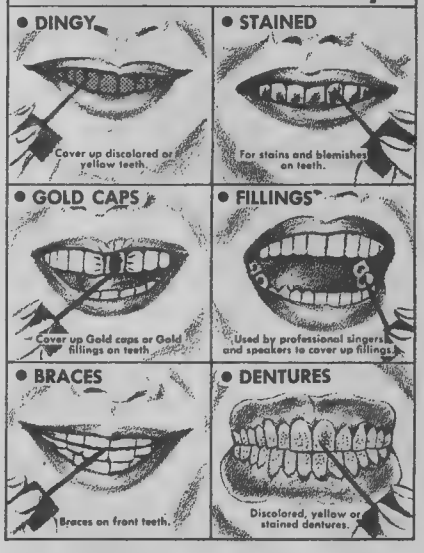

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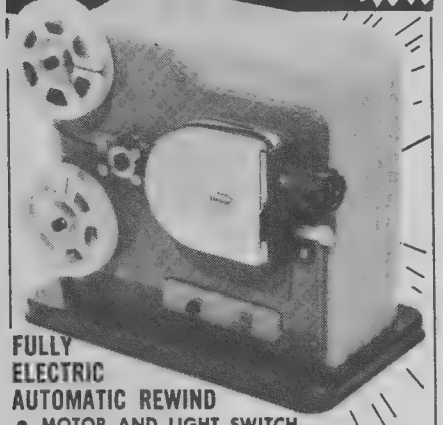

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JENNY BOND

continued from page 21

About a month after we began going steady, Max told me that he was taking a job after school. "What kind of a job?" I asked him. "Oh, just a job job," he smiled. "Nothing much . . ."

That "nothing much" almost cost me my life. It wasn't until after my close brush with death that I discovered I was being used. By my OWN BROTHER! He deliberately introduced me to Max because . . . even now it is too painful to think about.

I'll never ever forget the night Max invited me to meet his mother. I was thrilled. Of course, he warned me that he lived in the slum section of Oakdale, but he said it would be safe. His mother was darling. She served home made cookies and hot chocolate and kept saying how glad she was that Max was "such a good boy now; not like the other hoods in the neighborhood." Goodness, I never thought of Max as a hood. It was his mother who told me the story behind that scar on his cheek: he had gotten into a fight with the gang. Max kept saying, "aw, mom, cut it out! Jenny doesn't want to hear about that junk." But of course I did. I wanted to know *everything* about the boy I loved. So it was from Max' mother that I learned that my brother Joey had taken him under his wing. He was determined to reform Max, make a man of him. That's what Joey told Max and his mother. They both believed him.

And that's where I came into the picture. I was part of a scheme, a plan. I was to trap Max. Because Max trusted me my brother was sure he would lead him to "the goods," the goods being stolen jewelry—and not the five and dime variety.

I don't know how I would have acted if Joey had told me in advance that I was the "finger girl." Probably died a thousand deaths. Well, this night of nights I'm sure is seared in my mind forever. Max suggested that we go up on his roof "for a breath of fresh air." I followed him like a love-starved puppy. It was just a plain old roof, but it seemed, as I looked up at the moon and those winking stars, heaven on earth.

Max accidentally kicked at something, looked down, and picked up what appeared to be a shoebox. Even in the dark, the inside of that box almost blinded me! It was brimful of the most sparkling jewels I had ever seen.

"WOW!" we breathed in unison.

The next moments are hazy. Max pulled something out of his pocket and suddenly, which was not at all like him, roughly put his arms around me. "You're hurting me, Max!" He laughed, and to this day I'm convinced it was a crazy kind of laugh. I felt my flesh crawl. There were voices and other sounds. "Let Jenny go!" I heard a voice say. MY BROTHER'S VOICE! What's he doing here, I wondered.

"If you come any closer," Max threatened, holding me tighter and more hurtingly, "I'll blind and scar that pretty puss so's you won't ever recognize it."

When I screamed for help, Max slapped his hand across my mouth. That's when I prayed to God to let me die! I would rather be dead than go through life scarred and ugly and blind . . .

Everything happened too fast after that. I heard a wild, chilling scream just before I fainted. Someone—it turned out to be my brother—had conked Max on the head. We both sank to the tar roof. The next thing I remember was waking up in my own bed. And these words:

"Well, Jenny Bond, Mystery Girl! How are you? You know of course you're a heroine, And that you have won the $1000 reward for leading us to those stolen jewels! We've been searching for them for months. Then I hit on the bright idea of having Max transferred to your school and . . ." Joey stopped when my mother walked into the room. She never knew—and I'll NEVER tell her—that her very own son had used his very own sister to trap Max, dangerous leader of a jewel thief gang. That's our secret—my brother's and mine. Nor am I going to tell her—not for years yet—that someday I'm going to join JOEY BOND, ace detective, on the Oakdale Police Force. Yes, I am! I may look delicate, but I've decided I have nerves of steel. I think . . . ●

DICK CLARK

continued from page 19

marrying her only out of obligation. Regardless of the change in moral code, she is still breaking her parents' heart and is subjecting herself to a reputation she'll never live down.

As far as the boy is concerned, I don't go along with the theory that it is the girl who suffers the consequence. I've seen too many 17 or 18-year-old fellows who are forced into getting married. For them, all dreams of college, of a profession, must be forgotten. At an age when they should be having a ball they're saddled with a wife and child. And, most often, such a fellow can forget about ever making a lot of money in life. In order to support his family he must find work that doesn't take much skill or training or education. And usually he's stuck with the same sort of job for the rest of his life.

As far as I'm concerned, such logical reasons are cause enough to be cautious and to refrain from going too far. I don't go along with the people who say an affair is beautiful if you're in love with the person. Too often young people mistake physical attraction for love and don't find out until it's too late—until they're stuck for life with that person—that they didn't really know what love was all about.

Sure, I know that today you can be considered square or old-fashioned if you don't go along with the crowd as far as moral standards are concerned. Some girls feel that they won't get dates, will be ostracized if they refuse to pet with each boy they date. I don't believe this will really happen. Maybe I'm a square, but I still think a person will be respected if he or she sticks up for what is morally right. You have only one life to lead. Don't let your friends or acquaintances tell you how you should lead yours.

There's an expression commonly used when a girl finds herself pregnant and a boy finds he is responsible: "We're in trouble." To me, this is an understatement. There probably isn't anything worse.

There's only one way to avoid this kind of tragic trouble: Cool it! Control

your urges. Don't allow yourself to get into a situation where you might be tempted to go too far. Don't become involved in heavy petting, in single dating.

This is no ancient adult speaking. I know of what I speak, for I've been around countless thousands of young people. And I've seen the results of too much living too soon. I know one actress, she's still a teenager, who is already too old, beat-up, over the hill. Her cheeks are puffy from too much high living, and her eyes are dull. She was one of the girls who thought she knew, at the tender age of 15, what love was, and when she found that she was wrong the first time, she went ever onward with new fellows and new experiences. This young woman is the saddest sight I've ever seen.

Do you think she's happy? She's the most miserable person I've ever met! Her life is over and she knows it, and she knows that everyone is laughing at her.

Let me ask YOU something: Is it really so terrible to be considered a square? ●

Dick Clark produces the top-rated daily rock 'n' roll show,* Where The Action Is, *on ABC-TV. He also stars in dramatic roles in movies and TV.* American Bandstand, *which he emcees, recently celebrated its 10th anniversary, and is more popular than ever.

HERMAN

continued from page 48

time sitting at home admiring my Things! Though, come to think of it, if somebody asked me what I planned to do in my old age—in the year Two Thousand and Fifty, say—I suppose I'd have to admit I'd like to settle down miles from anywhere and take it easy. With my Things, of course. For a spell, anyway. But in the meantime—well, here's London swinging all round me and I love being a part of it.

The Cockney humor slays me. I know it sounds crazy for me to say it—because most of the great comedians in England come from Lancashire, where I was born! But when I start chatting to people like Tommy Steele—who's a true Cockney—I just crease up. And there's a thing called Rhyming Slang which is special to the Cockneys. A kind of secret language they've been using for centuries and which takes years to understand. Like *titfer* for hat, and *whistle* for suit—because you see, the rhyme is missing! (Tit for *tat*, whistle and *flute*—got it?)

Yes, it's great to get back to London for a bit, even though a part of me hankers after that country retreat. Just a crazy mixed-up kid? Maybe! Because although I'm not a great party-goer, I still love the crowds. Although I like my books and Things, I still love tearing about on a motorbike. In fact, while we were making our last two pictures in Hollywood, Where the Boys Meet the Girls *with Connie Francis, and our own* Hold On!*—I was never off the bike. You could say I was a real rocker!*

So I suppose the solution is a house in the wilds of the country and a house in the midddle of London—plus a million hotels while we go touring in between! And *in* the meantime . . . it's not only me that's homeless. It's the folks, too! Because I'd got them to sell up our home in Lancashire ready to fly over to Jersey. And so for the moment, *they're* homeless, living with my sister.

Ah, well . . . that's Show Business. Or is it? I'll let you know next month. ●

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BEATLES' MYSTERY

continued from page 39

time during the year, and that they will be making a new film together as soon as the final script is approved.

But all the time, rumors are growing that the reason no plans have been announced for the Beatles as a group, is because there just aren't any. That the foursome are enjoying their singular activities. That it is only a matter of time before an announcement that they are splitting up for good will be coming from Brian Epstein's office . . .

Then Paul and Ringo broke the long silence when they gave an interview to Andy Gray, editor of the New Musical Express, in London.

"This rumor that we're splitting up is a load of rubbish," Paul said emphatically. "One would think that this is the first time that any of us had done anything on his own. John wrote books on his own all along, and we all have sidelines we get on with as individuals. Then when John wanted to do a film on his own, we were all happy for him. Now that he's done it, he has passed on to us all sorts of things he has learned. That way as Beatles we become richer in experience. George went to India and told us what he had learned. I wrote film music and found out other things which I've passed on.

"Besides, we're all great friends and we don't want to split up. There's never been talk or sign of it . . . except in the minds of others."

Ringo backed up Paul's statement. "This idea of splitting up and jealousy is in other people's brains," he said. "Of course we didn't mind John doing a film on his own. We were glad he wanted to. And when the time comes, if it does, that I get a role on my own, the others will say 'Good Luck.' That's how we are. We all work for each other's success."

And IS Ringo going to make a film on his own? "Nothing definite at the moment," he said. "We get scripts in every day, but most of them are so bad. We all get offers of parts, but until something is very good, we're not interested."

So it seems that if what Paul and Ringo say is true, we need have no fears of the Beatles breaking up—not for the time being, anyway.

But, what of the future? What ARE their plans? Well, from what Paul says, there seems little hope that the Beatles will be touring again! Sad news indeed. Said Paul: "One reason we don't want to tour any more is that when we're on stage nobody can hear us or listen to us."

He was referring to the screamers who drown out all hope of hearing the Beatles in person.

"And another reason is that our stage act hasn't improved one bit since we started touring four years ago. The days when three guitarists and a drummer can stand up and sing and do nothing else on stage must be over.

"Stage performance as an art is going out anyway. I think the Rolling Stones had a shock when they didn't do a bomb (English meaning is opposite to American meaning) on their last tour. I think Mick was worried.

"Many of our tracks nowadays have big backings. We couldn't produce the sound on stage without an orchestra. And if we were to do ourselves justice on stage now, we'd have to have at least three months to produce a brand new act."

So there we are. In one breath Paul says that the Beatles are definitely NOT splitting up. Yet in another he indicates that there WON'T be anymore tours. Not with the Beatles present act, anyway.

And we're still left wondering— 'What IS happening to the Beatles?' Is all we're going to hear of them in the future be just on their records? Is all we're going to see of them be just in films?

Let's hope that by the time this issue of TEEN LIFE gets onto the news stands, somebody within the Beatle organization will have solved the Beatle mystery by telling us just what is going on and that we'll be seeing them soon. ●

TEEN TALK

continued from page 7

We ran a shortie piece on your ?; not much, true, but enough to let their fans know we know about them.

Dear Bessie:

TL is one of the top teen magazines, but it has one defect: it's missing articles about that English chap, Alfy, *alias David Watson. Just because* Never Too Young *is off the air doesn't mean that we have lost interest in him. Now, more than ever, we want to know more about that great guy.*

The kids whose signatures are at the bottom of this letter asked me to make this into a kind of petition so as to get the message across.

Kim Dowell, Muskogee, Okla.

Dear Kim and the 58 girls who co-signed your letter:

That's quite a salutation, isn't it? I do indeed get your message; I feel certain that David would be deeply moved by the interest you show in him. As per the many other requests I received from David's avid fans, I had Dolly Berman chat with him on the coast. He seems quite content with his lot, is scheduled for movies and a number of TV shows. He still loves life in Hollywood and definitely intends to make it his permanent home.

So sitting in my "story pantry" is the David Watson interview, which I hope to schedule in an early issue. Keep tuned, girls.

Dear Bessie:

Yours and TL readers' help is desperately needed. Where The Action Is *is being taken off of our TV station. Would you please help us get it back. You can do this by writing to KTRK-TV, 5313 Westchester, Houston, Texas, and asking them to put* Action *back on our station.*

Thanks a zillion!

Debby Richards, Galena Park, Texas

Dear Bessie:

HELP! I heard that The Monkees may be taken off the air! Please, everyone, write to the Program Director at NBC-TV, 3000 W. Alameda, Burbank, Calif., and to NBC-TV, Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y., and help prevent this catastrophe.

Georgia Lahd, Bemidji, Minn.

Dear Monkee-maniacs & Miss Little:

HELP! Remember what happened to Gidget? *Well, the same thing might happen to those fantastic Monkees if we don't wisen up fast; If you want to help, please write a persuasive letter to me telling why you want the Monkees left on the air. I will send them ALL to the Monkees' producers in large quantities because that will have the most affect. Cathy Toltan, 35 Queen St., Guelph, Ontria, Canada*

Dear Miss Little:

Help us to save the Monkees! I was crushed when I returned from a trip to California and found out that the Monkees went off the air. I am the president of their Fan Club here, and the members and I would appreciate it very much if you would run an article, or this letter, in TL, asking the fans to write to me and help save the Monkees.

Barbara Schlosser, 921 Sunnymeade Tr., DeKalb, Illinois 60115

Dear Bessie:

My girlfriends and I are requesting the assistance of all Jericho *fans in an attempt to keep it on the air. Please, TL readers, if you are a* Jericho *fan, help us to save this hour-long drama. Send all letters and petitions to me, Vicki Moore, 23 Fawn Circle, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey.*

Dear Girls:

It really shocks me to hear that the Monkees is being taken off a number of stations throughout the country. That's awful! I hope everybody who enjoys this wonderful fun show will protest. I will raise my voice with yours. The same goes for *Jericho.* And *Where The Action Is.* I don't know what happens to the judgment of some program directors. Can they be so bored and jaded as to forget what it's like to be young, to want a little bit of excitement, thrills and glamor and make-believe in life?

Come on, everybody, speak up!

Dear Bessie:

I don't believe that you care at all about your readers, or take any of their opinions seriously because I have written you at least one hundred letters during the past year requesting articles and pics on Chad & Jeremy. So far you have not done one article on them.

I really think you just don't like them. I can't understand why because they are so fabulous. I'm so disgusted with TL, and although it probably won't do any good I'll ask you (or rather beg you), one more time. Please! Please! PLEASE feature more articles and pics on Chad & Jeremy.

Betsy Borden, Cleveland

Dear Disillusioned Betsy:

Wow! You really told me off! But I don't mind! I deserve it!

You probably won't believe this, but I had a lunch date to meet "my good friends, Chad & Jeremy" at the Warwick Hotel on a recent Wednesday at 12:30. They had called me from the coast to say they were heading for New York and would I join them for a spot of lunch (to quote Chad) and a chat. Well, I arrived at the dot of 12:30, waited around for about a half-hour. No Chad & Jeremy. I asked the desk clerk if they had checked in. Said he: "They're due tomorrow."

So . . . chin up, Betsy, and you'll be rewarded with a terrific story and pictures of your boys. By the way, don't ever say I'm not fond of C & J. I am truly. Ask them.

That's it for now. You won't forget to fill in that quiz, please, and also let me know what you think of the NEW TL! With heartfelt thanks and love,

Bessie Little

Hi!

I'm Teena Lynn from Hollywood... where the action is!

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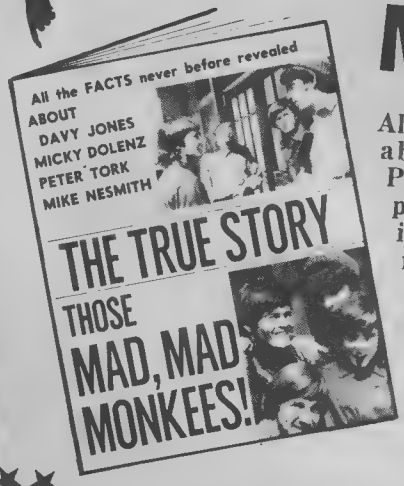
THOSE MAD, MAD MONKEES



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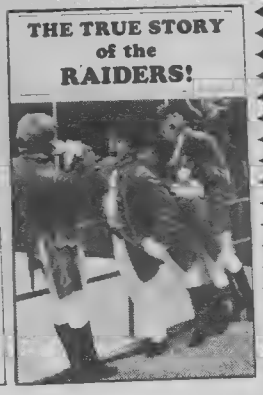

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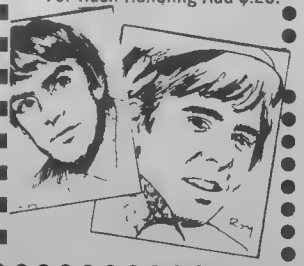

RYAN'S GIRL

continued from page 29

sons, used to drive me into Detroit—15 miles from home—twice a week, then sit around while I took a two-hour lesson."

Dancing, Leigh admitted, "was to become my salvation." During the summer of her 9th year in school, she was so proficient that she attended an advance course of study in New York.

"That summer changed my life. It opened a whole new world to me. I came back home and didn't care anymore, didn't care about the rebuffs, the hurts, the imagined slights.

"And of course you know what happened?" she asked. "Because I didn't care, things magically changed. The most popular boy in school asked me out and his asking me out gave me confidence I had always lacked. I started really to believe I was as good as everyone else. We dated all our sophomore year, and as my self-confidence grew I began to force myself out of my shell. I was elected cheerleader and even ran for sophomore president. I lost, but only by six votes. I didn't care that I had lost. As my mother told me when I was dying with indecision before the election—whether to run or not—'It doesn't make any difference if you win or lose. Even if you lose more kids will know you. It will be a chance to make friends.'

"I listened to her, put all the energies I had behind my campaign. I even had my little two-and-a-half year-old brother come to school wearing an election poster. Sure, I lost, but to a boy. I had done fantastically well for a girl, only losing by six votes. And you know the end result? I was elected secretary of the school in my junior and senior years. I ended up being voted homecoming queen, and cheerleader, too."

Leigh's personality has been deeply touched by her years of loneliness and rejection, but it was an experience that helped her to become the lovely young lady she is today. "It made me aware that I needed something if I didn't have friends. I had to work to develop an ability I could take pride in. I found what I needed in dancing.

"I think, too, that character often builds through interspection that is guided. True, I became terribly sensitive—perhaps too sensitive—and I must confess that I still am to this day. I'd die rather than reject anyone because I can still remember how it felt."

Dancing finally led to Leigh's leaving college to try her luck on Broadway. Her parents were opposed, actually shocked, when she showed up unexpectedly at home and announced her plans to leave school. "But finally they gave their approval and allowed me to use my school funds to finance my stay in New York.

"New York was terrible, an awful lonely time. So big, so unbelievably big. I stayed five months, then went home for a month's vacation, then returned to Manhattan and enrolled in the Neighborhood Playhouse."

I asked Leigh if her youthful experiences have helped her.

"I've got an ingrained shyness. I still don't enjoy big parties. I prefer being around people I know well.

"I don't believe that anyone is bad. I think the whole world is good. And when I'm proved wrong—when someone deceives me—I'm so hurt it's hard for me to recover."

Leigh's insistence upon looking at the world through rose-colored glasses has given her parents more than one scare.

"When I moved to New York I wouldn't listen to anyone's warnings, things about rough neighborhoods and all. And so I moved myself into a quaint little apartment in what turned out to be the Puerto Rican section of town. I thought it was delightful, people playing poker in the middle of the streets, plunking on their guitars on the front steps. But when my father came to visit he was scared to death. He was afraid I'd pick up one of those poor fellows and invite him home for dinner.

"I remember I used to go down to 42nd Street because the movies were cheaper there. When friends found out they were shocked. 'Don't you know that that neighborhood is loaded with drunks and dope addicts?' And I'd have to tell them that I hadn't noticed.

"I used to want to share all my experiences with my family. I remember once meeting this chap and introducing him to my father. I admit the fellow was a bit dirty, a bit off-color, but I enjoyed him and wanted my father to share my enjoyment. I thought he'd have a heart attack. He gave me a two-hour lecture on the subject of proper friends."

Before Leigh met Ryan she used to detest huge functions. "I'd stand alone in the corner, or trap one person and stay by his side all evening. Of course, since I've grown up and have been on my own, I've been forced to learn how to function totally alone. I don't have to confide in anyone else, and I've come to hate intrusions on my privacy or thoughts unless I volunteer to share them. I was shocked by Hollywood, how everyone wants to know everything about everyone else. When I give of myself, confide in someone, offer my friendship, I consider that a great gift. I was aghast when I first learned about date layouts, posing with someone you never met. I was even more shocked to learn that some actresses actually allow their weddings to be photographed for magazines. How can people exploit something so sacred?"

And that is the girl from *Peyton Place* . . . Ryan's girl . . . who is helping her to forget some of her shyness and has put love in her heart where once loneliness lived. ●

THE LENNONS

continued from page 35

times becomes too fervent in memorized prayers," Kathy said. "I say different prayers for different things and at different times. For instance, when I lose something I go to St. Anthony, he's the Patron Saint."

"And if it's a lost cause," Dianne added, "I go to St. Jude."

"Praying is just a way of life to us, whether it's memorized or not," Kathy said.

"I know," Janet said. "I'm always saying a prayer for one thing or another."

"Are there any moments in your lives," I asked, "when you've found a particular need to pray?"

"I pray to Jesus, Mary and Joseph before recording," Dianne said. "And we always pray before going in front of the TV camera, too."

"The one particular time when I pray is when I get home and have to make dinner," Peggy smiled. "I'm usually so tired from rehearsing that I don't feel like doing the dishes afterwards. So I pray for strength. Our mother taught us 'to offer it up.' In other words, do it even though you don't want to. It's like a sacrifice, but really you don't feel it to be that way.

"Another thing we learned from Mom is patience. I've never seen her get completely upset even with dozens of children hanging on to her apron. She lives with the philosophy that children are only young once and that the housework will be here tomorrow. She's felt that the least she can do is to spend the time to be with her children and do the housework some other time."

Almost in answer to my next question," Kathy murmured, "In my moments of sorrow, I get right to praying. Especially when our little sister, Mary, died. I turned immediately to God."

"I remember at the time," Janet whispered, "the first thing Mom said when she called from the hospital, 'Your little sister is in Heaven.' "

"It was like Mary was up there helping all of us because after she died, everything went so well for us. Many of my prayers are to her," Dianne said.

"I always pray to my little sister and tell her that Christ needed and wanted a little child to help him, that's why he chose her," Peggy murmured.

Then Kathy said almost in a whisper, "Praying is a comfort to me, especially when I'm alone. I'm not at all lonely because I know God is with me. Lately, though, we've all been praying a lot for our little cousin who is so terribly ill. We've even told all the younger children in the family to pray for her also."

How are your prayers answered?

Without hesitation, Janet replied, "If they're not, I know that that is how God wishes. Eventually, I always find out that it's been for the best, too."

Peggy then said, "I never pray for material things because then I know my prayers won't be answered. It's just a waste of time."

"Yes, Kathy chimed in, "why pray for something you're not going to get, like a mink coat. It's so stupid, you're not going to get it, anyway!"

Kathy sums it up this way. "My feeling has to do completely with my faith. Our being Catholic and being brought up this way means prayers have become a way of life to us. Christ has given us life and makes us worthy of being on earth to share different things with our family and friends. The least I can do is go to Mass, I'm doing it for God. Going to Mass is a way of thanking Him for giving me a faith that means everything to me. Praying is one way of life that teaches me what I believe in."

Dianne concluded, "Praying is not an emotion. Praying is a fact. Even at a time if you don't feel like praying, you know you love God whether you say a prayer or not. It's a wonderful feeling to know that God is there."

"I guess you could say," the girls agreed, before heading for the stage, "that praying is our love code." ●

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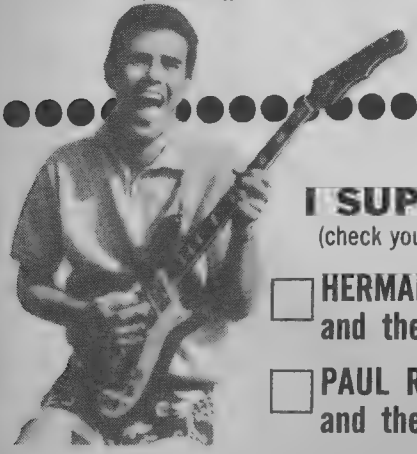

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MONKEES

continued from page 10

the Air Force. (Micky)
A. He was the only man in history to turn over the general's airplane. (Davy)
A. I tried to join, but they wouldn't take me. (Pete)
A. Two heads are a terrible thing. (Micky)
A. I just walked in and said, 'Listen here, I want to get in this man's army!' (Pete)
A. Oh, you do, eh, son? (Mike)
A. Yes, I do. (Pete)
Q. What about you, Pete?
A. They wouldn't take me. One of my legs is shorter than the other. (Pete)
A. Is that why you lisp? (Mike)
A. Well, maybe you could fight on the side of a hill. (Micky)
Q. What did you fellows do before you got into show business?
A. Quite a lot. (Mike)
Q. What about you, Micky, what did you do before the series?
A. I was a failure. (Micky)
Q. At what?
A. I used to stand in front of the doctor's office making people sick. (Micky)
A. Mick used to have a different name, you know. (Mike)
A. He used to be Cesar Romero.
A. I decided I was going to get my name in Life *and become famous, so I changed my name to Exit. Then for a while I used to ride shotgun in a garbage truck. (Micky)*
A. I had a lot of jobs. I had a lot of jobs, let's see what were some other jobs I had. (Pete)
A. I never even knew you worked, man. For a long time you thought manual labor was a Mexican. (Micky)
A. I was really stupid. (Pete)
A. And that Sherlock Holmes was a housing development. (Micky)
Q. This is for our teen magazine, but keep it up boys. Let's get back to your house, do you live at the beach?
A. Let's get back to something. (Davy)
A. Let's get back to earth. (Mike)
Q. Do you have brothers and sisters, Mike?
A. No. I don't. (Mike)
Q. When you were in the Air Force, did you serve overseas?
A. No, I didn't. (Mike)
A. What's this 20 questions? (David)
A. Is it bigger than a breadbox? (Micky)
A. No, it's not. (Davy)
A. Smaller than a breadbox. (Micky)
A. Yes, it is. (Davy)
A. Does it have two eyes and two ears and two legs? (Pete)
A. No, it doesn't. (Davy)
A. Is it animal, mineral or vegetable? (Micky)
A. She's not so much smaller than a breadbox. (Pete)
A. You don't know the breadbox we're talking about. (Davy)
Q. Mike, where are you from?
A. San Francisco. (Mike)
Q. Mike, are you going steady with anyone?
A. Yes. (Mike)
Q. What's her name?
A. Give me a break, you don't want me to tell you, baby.
Q. What about you, Davy?
A. No . . . (Davy)
Q. You don't like the term steady?
A. It means you're unreliable. (Mike)
Q. You don't approve of that?
A. No. (Mike)
A. I think that young kids are grown up too fast nowadays. (Micky)
A. You got to slow down. (Pete)
A. I kenw a 16-year-old kid who grew 8 inches in one week. (Micky)
These kids get out of hand.
A. I think kids should settle down and be solemn and sedate when they're 1-year-old. They shouldn't be kids. (Pete)
A. Nobody should have fun. (Davy)
A. I'm Davy's father and I'm 14. (Micky)
A. I'm his mother and I'm 12. (Mike)
Q. If you don't approve of the term 'going steady,' how would you refer to it . . .
A. Well, there is a term for going steady that I would prefer.
Q. That makes a lot more sense. One of you is married . . .
A. No, two of us are married. Me and Davy. (Micky)
A. Will the married person please stand up. (Davy)
Q. Alright, you're all a bunch of cowards. Asking each other.
And what did you do for a living?
Really, not very much.
What did you do for a living?
Yes,
What did you do for a living?
Live.
Q. Do you approve of teenage marriage?
A. Yes. (Davy)
A. I'm 14 and Davy's 13. (Micky)
A. You mean a teenager of 19 and not 13? (Davy)
Q. Right.
A. Are you going to print which one is married? (Davy)
Q. No, I'm just like lost . . .
A. I am married. (Davy)
Q. Do you have any children?
A. One. (Davy)
Q. How old?
A. 15 months. (Davy)
A. You're free to use whatever you like, just be prepared for bodily assault. (Mike)
A. But, my wife is in England. (Davy)
Q. Is she coming here?
A. No. (Davy)
Q. Why?
A. Cause we're getting a divorce. (Davy)
Q. That's a good reason.
A. She's not coming out for a while, I'm going to make the money and go back, then we're going to get married. (Davy)
Q. What if the series goes on for a couple of years?
A. Then she'll come out. (Davy)
Q. I asked you this before and got a smart answer, what do you fellows do for recreation?
A. What do you THINK we do for recreation? Being young, being here in Hollywood. What DO YOU THINK WE DO?
Q. What are some of your pet peeves?
A. I have a little pet peeve that is so cute. (Micky) about this big. It has two heads, one on each end. Funny little guy.
A. Do you have a pet peeve? I didn't know there were many of those around. (Pete)
Q. What's your pet peeve, Pete?
A. Bottle caps. (Pete)
A. My pet peeves are a pair I pick up by the ears, they're called Him and Her. (Davy)
Q. What qualities do you dislike in women?
A. I don't like to have women with hairy hands and broad shoulders. (Mike)
A. I hate women with hairy legs. With whiskers. (Davy)
A. I like them to have two eyes. I really hate them when they've got more than two eyes. (Pete)
A. More than one nose is a drag. (Mike)
Q. What qualities do you like in women?
A. They have to be between 5 ft. and 12 ft. (Mike)
A. Two feet and a couple of arms. (Micky)
A. Micky, you're so picky. (Davy)
A. I know, I always like them with two arms. (Micky)
Q. Do you dislike bossy women?
A. You'll notice Micky is the first one to answer. (Mike)
A. I love girls. (Micky)
Q. Davy, what do you think of American teenagers?
A. Wealthy, tall, handsome. (Davy)
Q. Were any of you juvenile delinquents or are you still delinquents?
A. No. (Pete)
A. Most of us were never even juveniles. (Micky)
A. Were you ever a kid? (Davy)
A. No, I was born 47 years old. (Micky)
Q. Were you rebellious from the ages of 13 to 19?
A. No. (Mike)
A. I was a kid from 13 to 19. (Davy)
A. I was in Santo Domingo getting out of the Marines. (Pete)
A. I was wealthy. (Micky)
A. I was tall. (Mike)
A. I was handsome. (Pete)
Q. Did you all graduate from high school?
A. Yes, I did. (Davy)
Q. Any of you honor students?
A. What does that mean? (Davy)
Q. Like getting straight A's. Being top of your class.
A. I was top of my class, it took a lot of beating to get them down below me . . . (Mike)
A. I used to play soccer for the Manchester Boys. (Davy)
A. I played football when I was on the R team. The varsity had teams A, B and C and I was on the R. team. (Micky)
A. You were the only one on the team, right! (Pete)
A. Me and a couple of girls. (Micky)
Q. Any of you ever hold school office?
A. I held up the school office twice. (Micky)
A. I held the school once against the Marines. (Pete)
A. He got locked in the school office once. (Davy)
A. Well, one time I was in the school office and got locked in. (Mike)
Q. What sort of things make you sad or depressed?
A. When I look at Micky and Peter and Mike. (David)
A. I don't know, things that make me depressed usually don't bother other people. No salt, no steak knives.
A. Robert Vaughn. (Pete)
" " "
" " "
" " "
A. Is he stuck? (Davy)
A. I don't have a key, man. (Mike)
A. Oh no, push him. (Micky)
A. He stopped. (Mike)
A. Wind him up! (Davy)
(Peter pretends he's a mechanical toy and the other three try to get his track unstuck.)
Q. What do you think about Gov. Ronald Reagan?
A. He plays a good piano, baby. (Pete)
A. I don't know, I'd like to see President Johnson do one of our shows. (Micky)
Q. What do you think about actors running for political office?
A. What difference does it make? (Davy)
A. What do you think about a bricklayer running for Plymouth Rock? (Micky)
A. Is that an office? (Davy)
Q. Are you going to run for office, what office?
A. At Screen Gems there must be something very nice . . . (Davy)
Q. Yes, I know, I mean political office?
A. Oh go on, no. Who wants to be president of Manchester . . . (Davy)
A. I'd like to be king of Burbank! (Micky) ●

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"I used Magic Nail Formula #77 on my young daughter's nails because she always chewed them short and they looked terrible! They're beautiful now and so strong, she can't chew them!"

Mrs. R. S., N.Y.C.

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Professional nail treatment in beauty salons cost up to $15.00! The complete MAGIC NAIL FORMULA #77 KIT, during this special introductory offer, costs you ONLY $1.98

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GUARANTEED *lovely, glamorous nails*

☐ Send C.O.D. 1 Kit of MAGIC NAIL FORMULA #77. I will pay postman $1.98 on delivery, plus C.O.D. charges and postage.

☐ CHECK HERE TO SAVE MONEY! Enclosed is $1.98. Please rush 1 kit of MAGIC NAIL FORMULA #77. I save C.O.D. charges and postage.

MY NAME_____

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WE SHIP TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES. ENCLOSE $2 OR ITS EQUIVALENT IN FOREIGN MONIES.

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HUNDREDS OF USES!

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AMAZING NEW "SEE BEHIND" SUN GLASSES!

PERFECT FOR BOY WATCHING . . . GIRL WATCHING . . .
OR JUST KNOWING WHO IS WATCHING YOU!

Yes, now you can actually see in back of you without even turning your head! Keep a pair in your purse or pocket at all times! You'll find that they'll come in handy at the most unexpected times!

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Watch the surprised look on the faces of your friends . . . when you mysteriously know exactly what's going on behind your back . . . AT ALL TIMES! Amaze everyone with your new 'Psychic' powers!

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Two ingeniously concealed magnification lenses clearly enlarge the entire scene behind you! No one will know the secret of how you do it!

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A.

B.

C.

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D.

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SPECIFY STYLES DESIRED WHEN ORDERING.

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Clip and mail coupon today! We ship same day order is received and you can examine the "SEE BEHIND GLASSES" in the privacy of your home for 10 full days! If you're not 100% satisfied, simply return them for a full and prompt refund of purchase price! NO QUESTIONS ASKED!

MAIL NO-RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

J. F. MEYNER CO. Dept. TL-1
1306 Washington St.
Hoboken, N. J. 07030

Please rush my "SEE BEHIND SUNGLASSES"! I will examine them in the privacy of my home for 10 full days and if I am not 100% delighted and completely satisfied, I may return them for a full and prompt refund of purchase price! NO QUESTIONS ASKED!

Check styles desired: A. ☐ B. ☐ C. ☐ D. ☐ E. ☐ F. ☐

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

☐ I enclose $1.98. J. F. MEYNER CO. pays shipping charges.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman plus C.O.D. charges.

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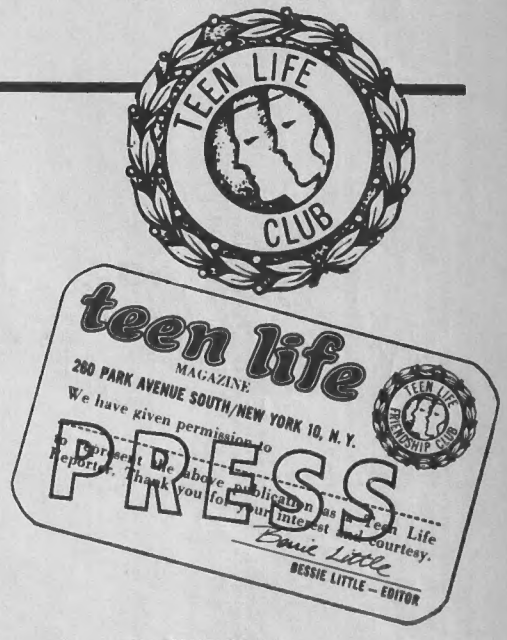
JOIN TEEN LIFE CLUB!

YOU CAN MAKE EVERY DAY A HOLIDAY

It's as SENSATIONALLY SIMPLE as that! All it takes is ONE mere minute of your time, plus $1.00 . . . and . . . PRESTO!...YOU'RE A MEMBER of the exclusive TEEN LIFE CLUB! It's like opening the door to ALL your dreams and having them suddenly come TRUE!



You'll say GOODBYE to loneliness (and good riddance!) and HELLO to a whole new wide wonderful world of fun, friends, parties, fashion shows, contests, HAPPENINGS! And YOU are a part of the HAPPENING SCENE.

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As a member of TLC you will receive these wayout goodies: AN EXQUISITELY-DESIGNED GOLD TLC PIN, a MEMBERSHIP CARD, A PRESS CARD (which gives you a chance to earn EXTRA MONEY by writing for TEENS TAKE OVER), a TLC BULLETIN, WALLET SIZE PACKET OF PIX of the BEATLES 'n' other SWINGIN' STARS. THE STANDELLS JOINED TLC and say it's a raver! And oh, yes! TLC members have their OWN SPECIAL CORNER in TL every month to talk about your TLC Chapter's activities!

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MAY

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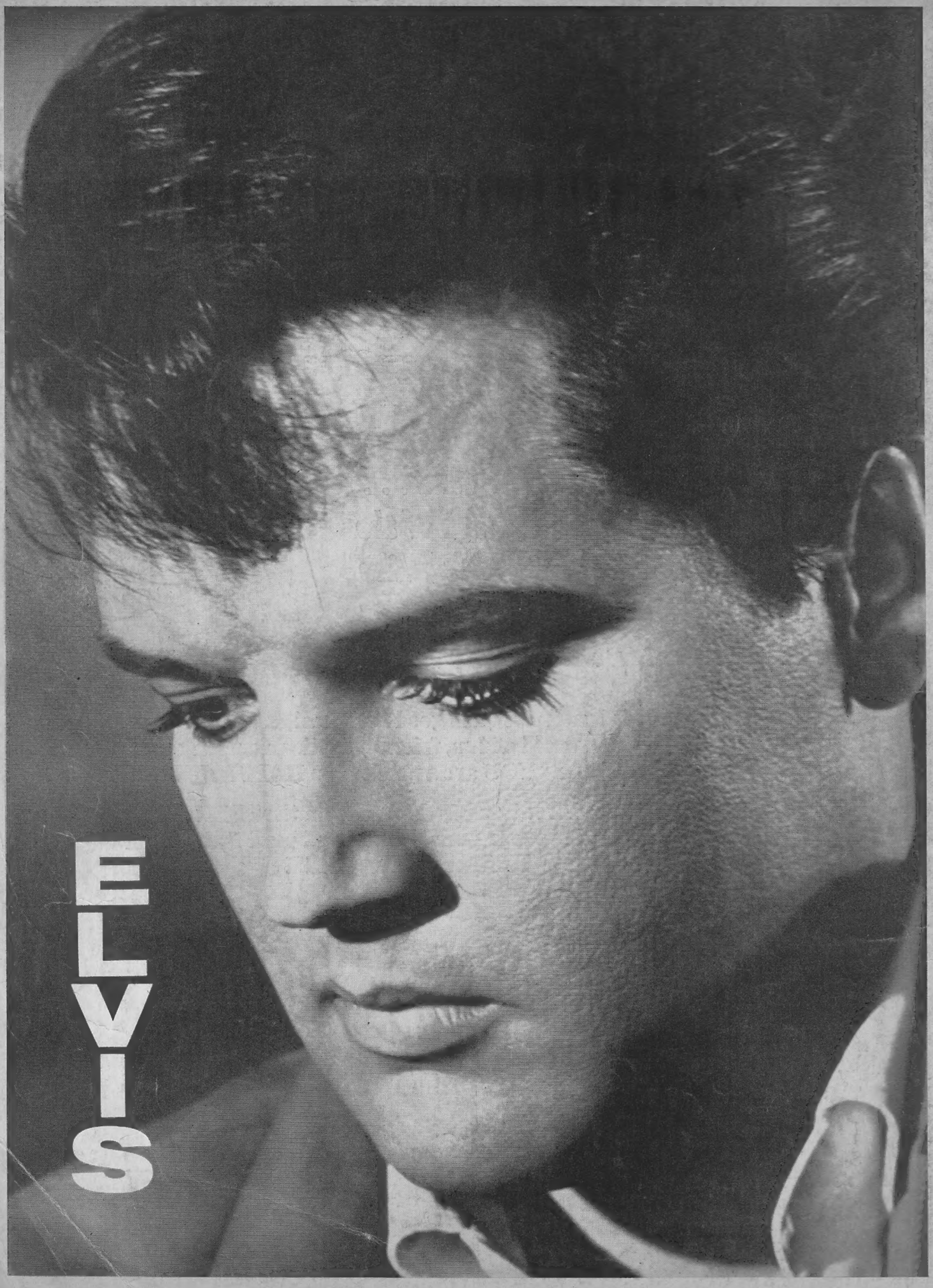
ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ **STATE:**_____ **ZIP:**____

SCHOOL:_____ **GRADE:**____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